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APR. 1909
VOL. IX. NO. 98

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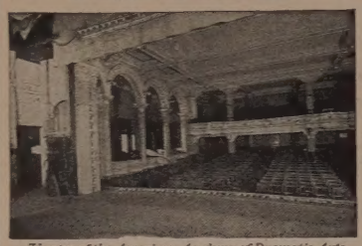

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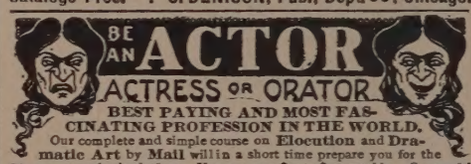
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In addition, there are also songs by Mme. Farrar, Marie Michailowa, and Messrs. de Gogorza, Dalmores, Gilibert and Constantino, that should be in every Victor library.

This short story would be, however, incomplete if no word was said about the remarkable achievement in being able to play in your own home some of the operas in their entirety; for instance, Verdi's "Il Trovatore," as sung by La Scala Company, can be had in twenty records, as well as "Ernani" by the same composer. Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" is complete in fifteen records, and such singers as Mme. Huguet, who takes the part of Nedda, and Signor Cigada as Tonio and Badini as Silvio. As to the rôle of Canio, we have there the selection of records by Caruso, Paoli and Barbaini. It is understood that the Victor will add more complete operas, for which music-lovers should be thankful.

A number of inquiries have come to us within the last month regarding an advertisement which occupied a full page in our March issue. It was regarding a new fiber fabric and referred to as the Senorita Silk-Spun Scarf.

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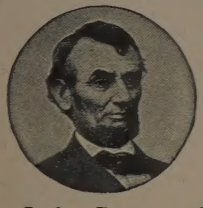

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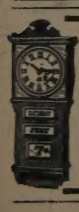

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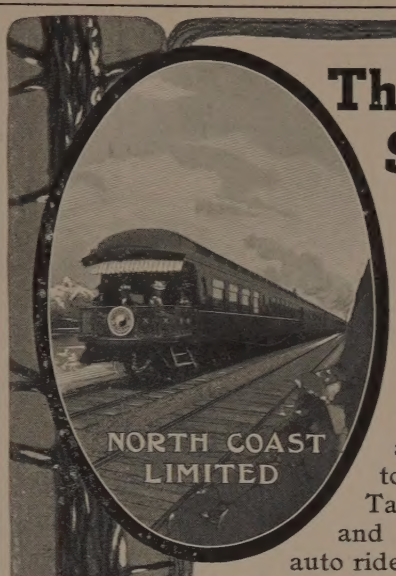

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Benefit for Clara Morris

On April 16, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York, the Twelfth Night Club, a social organization of actresses of high rank in their profession, will give a benefit for Miss Clara Morris, once acknowledged and recognized as the greatest emotional actress in America.

For most of her life Miss Morris has been a semi-invalid. Even when in the zenith of her

CLARA MORRIS IN HER PRIME

brilliant career she suffered from chronic spinal affection, and some of her otherwise superb scenes were marred by the need of taking medicine to carry her through the evening, which she did in view of the audience. Latterly the affection has become acute and so enfeebled her that she is unable to act. Although she has admirable literary gifts and has written "Stage Confidences," "Life on the Stage," "The Life of a Star," "The Pasteboard Crown" and other works showing the intimate details of stage life, her illness has curtailed her literary output, and recently Miss Morris has felt the pinch of poverty.

The immediate need, which her younger and more fortunate sisters of the stage seek to relieve by giving the benefit, is the mortgage upon her home at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson, which is about to be foreclosed. It is the purpose of the Twelfth Night Club to derive enough from the benefit to pay the deficit in the interest on the mortgage.

Miss Morris' principal rôles were Alixe, Camille and Miss Multon.

"Madame X" Coming to America

Henry W. Savage's chief dramatic production next season will be "Madame X," the play by Bisson. It is now the success of the year in Paris, with Jane Hading in the title rôle. It concerns a woman who deserts her husband and child and lives a wild, adventurous life. A pair of blackmailers discover, some twenty years after, that she is the wife of a celebrated French jurist, and lay their plans to blackmail him, believing that he would rather pay for their silence than to have his name associated with hers. When Madame X finds this out she kills one of the blackmailers and is brought to trial. Being without counsel the court assigns a young lawyer to her defense. The lawyer is the son whom she deserted twenty years before, and his father, interested in seeing how he will conduct his first criminal case, comes and sits by the side of the presiding judge. Madame X does not at first recognize her son, but during the course of the trial she suddenly becomes aware of his identity. There are some fine psychological problems in the working out of the defense, the young lawyer feeling an interest in his client for which he cannot account. The woman has made up her mind to take her punishment stolidly, and makes no defense, refusing even to explain why she killed the man. At the very last, when she has been declared free, her emotions overcome her, and she calls out "my son." Some sort of reconciliation is effected, but the excitement has been too much for Madame X and she dies with husband and son embracing her.

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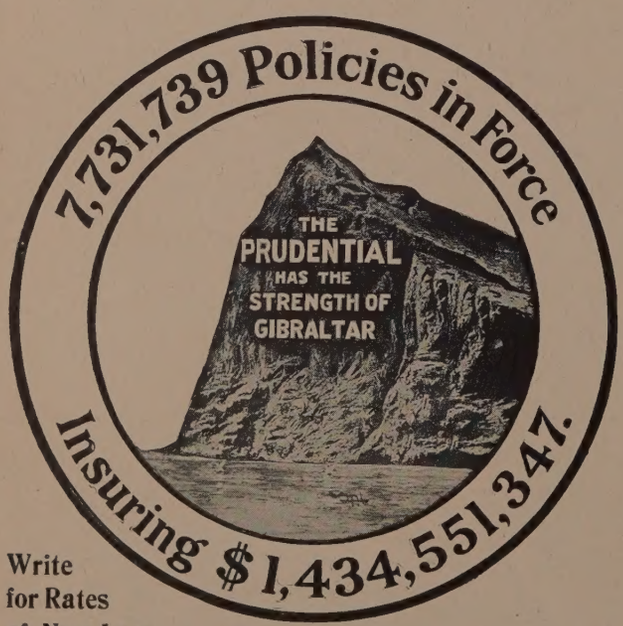

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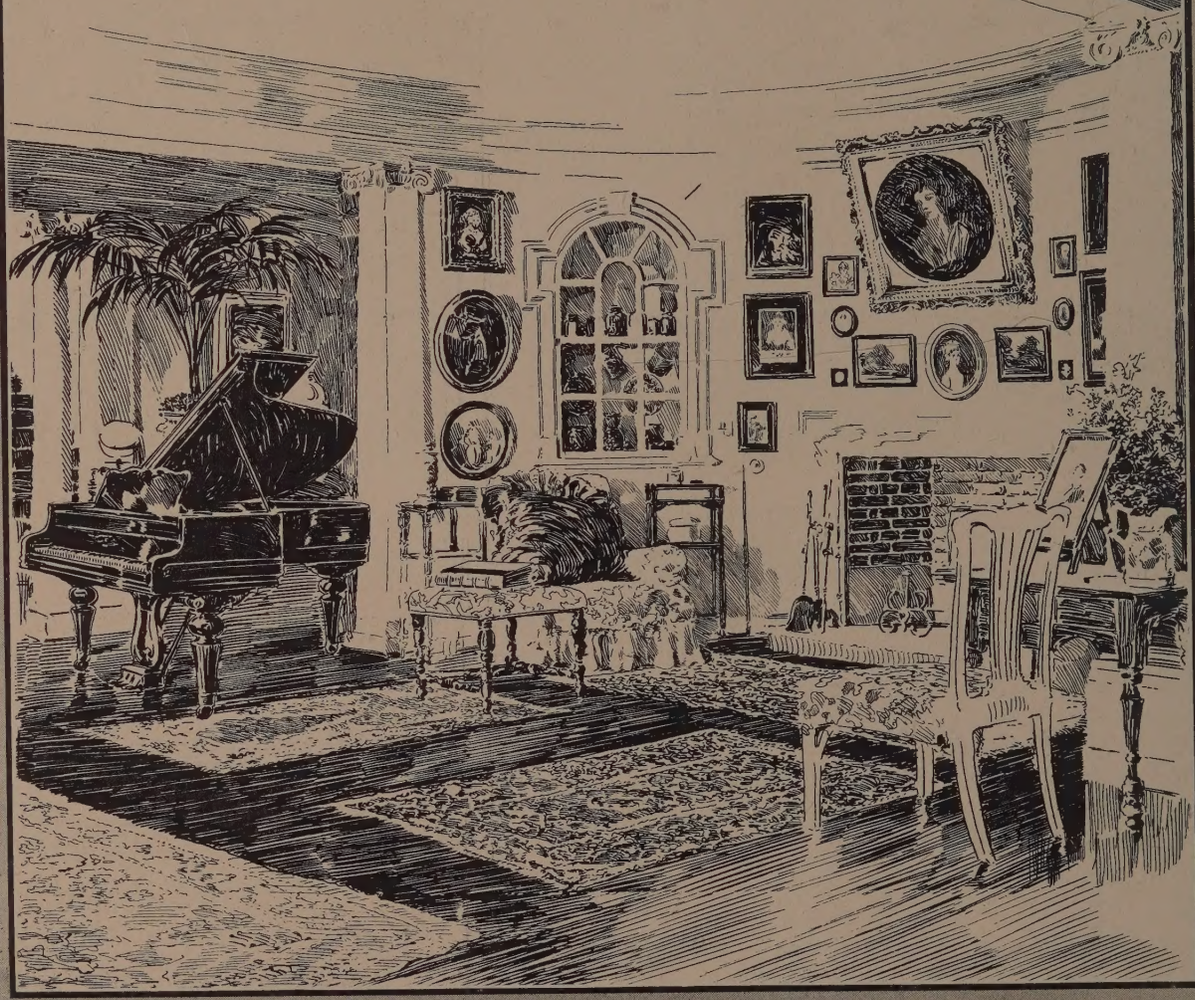

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THE THEATRE

VOL. IX. APRIL, 1909 No. 98

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Lady Blanche	Edith Campbell
Prince Henry	Lorraine Frost

It is a noble, impressive and adequate production of "King John," which William A. Brady has provided for Robert Mantell's use at the New Amsterdam Theatre, and in view of the novelty of this Shakespearian history, the beauty of its investiture and the intelligent rendering which star and players gave it should reap a rich reward from those playgoers to whom the beauty of poetry and the dignity of worthy effort have not lost all appeal.

Not since the early seventies when Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., as the King, his wife, Agnes Booth, as Constance, and John McCullough as Faulconbridge, played it at Booth's Theatre, has the tragedy been presented on the local boards. Tree recently gave it a sumptuous revival in London, but it has never had a popular vogue. One great reason that so few have attempted it is that it requires for its proper interpretation an almost all-star cast, for in addition to the title rôle, exacting the highest histrionic qualities, there are half a dozen others that require gifts of the most positive kind. Episodic as it is the varying scenes are fraught with fine martial activity, tremendous psychological depths and moving pathos couched in some of the most inspired verse the master poet ever wrote.

The present performance may in parts be highly praised, in others criticized, but the effort is so earnest in such a worthy cause that approval must mightily prevail. On the opening night the effect of the first three acts was marred by an undue excess of vigor. From star down all shouted, each trying to outdo the other at the expense of rhythm and intelligence. But soberer counsels later prevailed, and the final scenes were acted with nice discretion and keen dramatic effect.

The production as far as scenery and costumes are concerned is rich and appropriate. The stage pictures are capably composed and the movement swift, sure and illuminative. Excellent effects are realized by the supernumeraries. The acting version is a reverent one. There are no excisions that on account of the necessity of limited time could not be spared.

It may well be said that Mr. Mantell's rendering of the title rôle is one of the most finished portraits in his Shakespearian gallery. It is splendidly thought out, and executed with a faithful regard to the exactions of a difficult and complex character. He is particularly happy in the scene with Hubert suggesting Arthur's death, and equally forceful in the later colloquy with that same person on which he would shift the blame of the supposed murder. The death scene is a triumph of grim realism enhanced by a make-up of ghastly significance.

It is a regal figure which Marie Booth Russell presents as Constance, and her grief at the loss of her son is expressed with poignant feeling, but her outbursts of rage and indignation at John's duplicity are too shrewish. The splendid chivalric figure of the bold, dashing, faithful and resourceful Faulconbridge is only faintly limned by Fritz Leiber, but Ethelbert Hales gives a strong and varied rendering of the rôle of Hubert. James Brophy is an impressive King of France, but Guy Lindsley is entirely too boisterous as the Papal legate. L. Rogers Lytton as Chatillon declaims with a nice sense of elocutionary effect, and a very tender and touching reading of Arthur is contributed by Leila Frost.

HACKETT. "A WOMAN'S WAY." Play in three acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced Feb. 22 with this cast:

Howard Stanton	Frank Worthing
Oliver Whitney	Robert Warwick
Edward Morris	Frederick Esmelton
Bob Livingston	Henry Miller, Jr.
General Livingston	Charles Stanley
Wilson	Reginald Carrington
Harry Lynch	Edward Fielding
Bates	Gardner Burton
Marion Stanton	Grace George
Mrs. Eliz. Blakemore	Dorothy Tennant
Mrs. Livingston	Ruth Benson
Mrs. Stanton	Evelyn Carrington
Salie Livingston	Jewel Power
Belle Morris	Mary Fermier

The question of divorce of late has stirred up much discussion and activity on the part of both Church and State. Ministers are preaching against it, legislatures are taking steps to curtail its frequency. In the meantime, the playwright with the keen sense of the value of a contemporaneous thought, is utilizing it for stage purposes. It is a well-known fact that Sardou's sparkling and satirical "Divorçons" was responsible for the reform of the French divorce laws. It is not particularly likely that Mr. Thompson Buchanan will bring about any such radical result in this country, but he must at least be credited with having written in "A Woman's Way" as bright and entertaining a farcical comedy as the local stage has witnessed in some time. This is something for a newcomer to achieve, for if report does not err this is Mr. Buchanan's maiden effort. And further Mr. Buchanan is a young newspaper man. From the season's record it would seem as if the future of the American drama rested in the hands of the journalists of this country.

Mrs. Stanton discovers that her husband has become infatuated with Mrs. Blakemore, a dashing widow Rather than yield him up calmly, she invites Mrs. Blakemore to her home, and there by her woman's wit shows up the vanity and selfishness of her rival in a way that speedily

Sarony

IRENE MOORE
Seen recently at the Garden Theatre as Doris in "Meyer & Son"

wins for her the lasting affections of her delinquent husband. This is only the main theme which is embroidered with much detail of a satirical and humorous kind. It is not only that Mr. Buchanan has been able to draw types direct from life, but he has further the happy faculty and capacity for making them do and say things that bring out the sum and substance of each individuality. The construction, too, is excellent; the incidents are deftly handled and the sequential unity is nicely preserved. Mr. Buchanan, too, has a pretty wit, and many of his lines crackle with true epigrammatic sparkle.

Mr. Buchanan, however, is fortunate in that a company of sustained excellence is entrusted with the presentation of his comedy. In the rôle of the wife, Miss Grace George is at her best. Her comedy is delightful in its spontaneity and bubbling freshness, while the more serious incidents are handled with a sure and compelling touch. Frank Worthing as the husband, and Dorothy Tennant as the widow, give with others true value and substance to a piece which must rank as one of the few big successes of the season.

HERALD SQUARE. "A Woman of Impulse." Play in four acts by Louis Anspacher. Produced March 1 with this cast:

Count Nerval De Valera.....C. Hastings	George Moore.....Charles Wells
Philip Gaudineer.....Charles Wyngate	Leanora De Valera.....Kathryn Kidder
Dr. Paul Spencer.....Douglas J. Wood	Nina Vecci.....Jane Marbury
Judge Livingston.....Frank E. Aiken	Mrs. Gaudineer.....Virginia Buchanan
Rev. Nehemiah Grannis...Charles Rowan	Mrs. Livingston.....Josephine Morse
Zelie .....Katherine Emmett	

The play of situations brought about by transparent and fortuitous incidents and circumstances is at an end. It matters not what the natural ability of the playwright may be, no dramatist is secure in his career until he is able to recognize the difference between the new and the old, both in material and in method, and until he frees himself from the conventional. He must acquire the professional point of view as to timeliness of subject or lag behind. Mr. Anspacher, in "A Woman of Impulse," demonstrates that he understands the mechanics of playwriting, but he exhibits no refinement in his art. A Count has married a celebrated prima donna, a woman of impulse and caprices, against whom his family is prejudiced. A cousin of his, a libertine, makes advances to the wife, which she repulses. He then declares that he will revenge himself on her sister. In an interview with her sister, in the garden of the Count's aunt whom she is visiting, she is dressed much like her sister and, remaining in the night air in the garden she takes her sister's veil. That night the cousin, the libertine, comes to the window, which opens upon the terrace of the garden, and attempts to carry out the object of his intrusion. The young woman stabs him with a hatpin, but this time she is wearing her veil again, and lies in a faint on the bed, while the intruder, baffled, steps out upon the terrace in his flight. He is there met by the husband of the prima donna, who thinks it is his wife in a faint, and, after a brief struggle, he throws this impossible character to the ground, where he lies motionless, dead.

In the next act the Coroner visits the house and interrogates its inmates. The husband declares that he had killed the man, the girl asserts that it was her hatpin that did it, and the wife, in order to save the reputation of her sister (and to incidentally ruin her own), declares that she did it. The Coroner finally declares that the deceased had a bad case of heart disease, and that he would keep the matter quiet. It was a small matter anyhow, the death of this man of impulse. The woman of impulse, the wife, being entirely cleared, refuses to be reconciled with her husband. In the next act, the closing one, after a lapse of two years, husband and wife meet at the home of the sister of impulse with the hatpin, and become reconciled. The cause of this reconciliation is that during this lapse of two years, a very proper lapse in the circumstances, the younger sister has married the man, her true lover, who did not come through the terrace at an inopportune hour, and has the loveliest little baby imaginable. The woman of impulse at first refuses to listen to the pleading of her husband, who is only a semi-murderer at the worst, but she gives up her artistic impulses and love of the stage, and yields to him, when he calls her attention to the gentle cooing of the baby in a neighboring room.

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VIOLA ALLEN IN "THE WHITE SISTER"
New play by F. Marion Crawford and Walter Hackett produced recently in Chicago

This is more of a story than it is a play. Its causes and effects are accidental, fortuitous. The motives or the springs of action which move the characters are only the laminated steel of conventionality. Miss Kathryn Kidder has distinction in her presence, her manner, and her command of her art, but these qualities go for nothing in an impossible part. Mr. Anspacher's first play, "The Embarrassment of Riches," was written with some sense of the value of modern subjects. This play was probably written in the days of his exercise work. If it has any progressive action at all it is like that of an automobile skidding down a hill with wheels locked. It is a police-court story tried before Dogberry.

DALY'S. "The Goddess of Reason." Play in five acts by Mary Johnston. Produced Feb. 15 with this cast:

Rene-Amaury De Vardes..W. Whittlesey	A Sergeant of Hussars.....Alfred Paget
Remond Lalain.....Wilson Melrose	Mlle. De Chateau-Gui....Edith Lemmert
Abbe Jean De Barbason....V. Sternroyd	The Marquis De Blancheforet..O. Temple
Count Louis.....Theodore Hamilton	Seraphine .....Payson Graham
Capt. Faquemont De Buc...Alex. Calvert	Mother Superior.....Ruth Blake
Melipars De L'Orient.Sydney Greenstreet	Angelique .....Margaret McElroy
Enguerrand La Foret.....Lawrence Eyre	Nanon .....Bernardine Risse
The Englishman.....Hubert Osborn	Celeste .....Elizabeth Baker
Vidame De Saint Amour.....L. Millman	Mme. De Pont Arche.....Louise Wolf
Gregoire.....Frederick A. Thomson	Yvette .....Julia Marlowe

The best evidence against the nonsensical idea that the highest form of drama is blank verse is Shakespeare himself. The high priests of the good, the true, and the beautiful cannot, with any reason, confine those qualities to blank verse. It is proper enough that the form should be cultivated, but it will never constitute more than a small part of the expanding energies of the drama. More than that, it has no right to an existence unless it is flawless or measurably up to the standard established by the greatest writers. To imagine for one instant that it is the only, or the best, form in which genius can express itself is absurd. It is not even a symptom of genius, but modern writers seem to imagine that it is the highest evidence of genius. Not a single writer within the past one hundred years has written a play in verse which was not loaded down with unnecessary words, and which was as dramatic as the material plainly afforded opportunities for. Stephen Phillips, as beautiful as his lines may be to some readers, is out of the question as a dramatist. The most telling scenes in Shakespeare are written in plain English. Plain English is good enough for the highest, the best and the most beautiful thoughts that lodge in the heart and mind of mankind. One of the very best of Shakespeare's plays, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is written in plain English. In one of his most poetical plays, "As You Like It," plain English (such as Shakespeare wrote) was good enough for the tenderest passages. If we summon all the characters in Shakespeare's plays we find that scores and scores of them speak only in plain English. We need not illustrate, for any one can turn to his Shakespeare and verify the statement in ten minutes. If there is one subject which should not be treated in blank verse, it is the French Revolution. What is the result of such a treatment? Simply an exhibition of virtuosity in verse making, in which the author is speaking for the greater part of the time, and not the characters at all.

We have the highest respect for Miss Johnston, and we would stultify ourselves and offend every reader if we denied to Miss Julia Marlowe the very highest qualities. "The Goddess of Reason," dealing with the French Revolution, necessarily has passages that are truly dramatic and highly effective, but as a play, in its completeness, it does not grip. Why? There are many reasons. In the first place, it has no definite or satisfactory proposition, and its plot is a story plot, without the characteristics of a dramatic plot. Theoretically, the gist of the action concerns the love between René-Amaury de Vardes, Baron of Morbec, and Yvette, a peasant girl. It is only when we reach the fourth act that we have any proof that René-Amaury de Vardes loves Yvette. In the first act, in speeches that run up to about 100 lines, interrupted now and then by the Marquise, de Vardes describes a vision which he has fallen in love with. On the eve of Saint John, he fared through the wood of Paimpont alone. This is a very particular kind of wood, "For in a hawthorn brake old Merlin sleeps," and we are also asked to believe that there, "A fair dream doth drop from every tree." It seems that there—

> They dream of woodland gods and castles high,
> Of faun and Pan and of the table round,
> Of dryad trees and of a maiden dark—
> That Vivien whom old Merlin once did love,
> Vivien le Gai whose love was poisonous!

He saw Yvette asleep there. In other words, he simply describes a vague kind of love. He talks very prettily, but not to the point. There is every reason to believe that he is going to marry the Marquise. He certainly isn't going to marry the peasant girl. There is no earthly chance of that, but all the trouble comes from that hard fact. Yvette is jealous of him. He sends her to a convent to keep her out of the civil strife, but because he is to ride away with the Marquise, Yvette escapes from the convent, joins the Revolutionists, and is made Goddess of Reason. In that capacity of authority, as she is borne in her chariot, she rescues the aristocratic Baron, but seeing that he is accompanied by the Marquise, she turns them over to death from the Revolutionists. Later, she repents, and while it is discreetly put (in blank verse), it is plain that she sells herself to Rémond Lalain, Deputy from Vannes, who is in authority, in order to procure a paper that will set the Baron and the Marquise free. She did not win that paper. "Till cockcrow of this morn."

> "The dawn came slowly on,
> The cock crew and I drew the curtain by
> And saw the morning star above the Loire!"

Hermann Johnson (Howard Kyle) David (John Tansey) Thekla (Carlotta Nillson)

SCENE IN ACT II OF AVERY HOPWOOD'S PLAY "THIS WOMAN AND THIS MAN" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

Philip (Charles Wyngate) Leanora (Kathryn Kidder) Nina (Jane Marbury)
Act III. Leanora: "You did right to kill him. You are a brave little sister"
SCENE IN "A WOMAN OF IMPULSE," DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS BY LOUIS ANSPACHER AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

She had sent this paper in a purse of gold, by a messenger, a garrulous old woman, but not garrulous enough or with sense enough to tell him what the purse contained, and he gave it to the jailer to secure five minutes of respite for the Marquise. In the judgment hall in Nantes, Yvette witnesses his trial from the upper benches, throws away her red cap, denounces the Revolution, and takes her stand by him. In the end she waits for him near the banks of the Loire, and when he comes, they are bound together with a rope and are led off to be thrown into the Loire and drowned amid the jeers of the Revolutionists. Of course, there are passages, when their fate is about to seize them, that arouse sympathy, but the action of the play, as a whole, is not consistently, reasonably, and sympathetically dramatic. It is mechanical. It is in the nature of the dramatic, but it is not dramatic. The dramatic must move us. That is an inherent, indispensable quality of action. Miss Marlowe weeps real tears. She feels her emotion, but the audience does not. That is a vast difference. There can be no action in a play which is not objective, in the sense of getting across the footlights and moving the audience.

CASINO. "HAVANA." Musical play in three acts. Book by George Grossmith, Jr., and Graham Hill; music by Leslie Stuart. Produced February 11 with this cast:

Senor Bombito.....Harold Vizard	Diego De La Concha.....Wm. Pruette
Consuelo .....Edith Decker	J. De Peyster Jackson.....Jos. Phillips
Isabelita .....Eva Davenport	Frank Van Dusen.....William Phillips
Don Adolfo.....Ernest Lambart	Reginald Brown.....Percy Ames
Anita .....Clara Palmer	Roderigo .....Bertrand Grassby
Pepita .....Daisy Green	Senor Patigo.....Joseph Galton
Lolita .....Viola Kellogg	Soldaro .....Joseph Galton
Tita .....Mabel Weeks	Officer .....Milbury Ryder
Mamie .....Geraldine Malone	Chiquita .....Little Lillie Fuehrer
Gladys .....Edith Kelly	Chiquito, Sammy, Jr..Master R. Fuehrer
Donna Junenez.....Viola Kellogg	Julio .....Bertrand Grassby
Teressa .....Violet Hopkins	Samuel Nix.....Jas. T. Powers

"Havana" is a success. There is no question about that. And James T. Powers is the whole show. In a red wig, in a white sailor suit, in a squeaky voice, and in his customary comical form, Mr. Powers goes as far as he likes. He sings a song of his own composing, *How Did the Bird Know That?* and on occasion thrums the wires of the cage as if it were a mandolin. Trying to escape from a room, he is confronted by a soldier in red uniform, who thrusts a gun under his nose. Mr. Powers is equal to the emergency, and attaching his lips to the barrel and fingering it as a flute, he successfully conveys the idea of self-possession and, if we may be permitted to say it, insouciance. In the absence of the keeper of the cigar stand he takes up a box of cigars, and lifting the lid thrusts his hand through it, for it is without a bottom. Offering the same box of cigars to one of the characters, he shakes hands with the character, who naturally thrusts his hand through it.

The plot is not constructed by means of scenes, but it gives pretexts for scenes. A trial is held. It is a stern ordeal for Mr. Powers, who is known in the play as Nix. There is a bag of gold on the table. Nix ducks along the front of the table, away from the judges, unseen by them, and passes his hand along the top of the table in the expectation of securing the bag of gold. One of the judges sees his hand; more than that, he seizes it and shakes hands with Nix. Nix has visited Havana about ten years before this time, and is claimed by a buxom native as her husband. It may be incidentally remarked that Nix was drunk at the time he had the benediction of the church bestowed on him on the occasion of this marriage, but he had forgotten all about it. A convincing document in proof of the marriage was produced in the shape of a red-haired boy, and at the close of the second act the boy is astride of him, on his back, as Mr. Powers ambles off the stage. We think we have adduced enough to prove the resourcefulness of the humor of Mr. Powers. He has his following. We think it would be unjust to Mr. Powers to say that he can sing, but he gives us something that is in the nature of a substitute for singing, and which answers the purpose very well. If one is funny, he is in large measure independent of Melpomene. Nix indulges himself in song, however, three times, once with the chorus, once with Anita, and once again with Senora Junenez.

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Rehearsing a Shakespearian Tragedy

IT was cold and raw on the morning of Sunday, March 7th. The wind swept down Forty-first Street west of Seventh Avenue with a keenness of penetration that mocked even a fur overcoat. Yet for more than an hour a hundred men patiently stood under the sheltering *porte cochère* of the New Amsterdam Theatre stamping to keep warm. It was not a bread line—the hungry waiting to be fed—a glance showed that the social make-up of the men was superior to those who seek public charity, but the crowd was nevertheless hungry for histrionic meat. They were "supers," those who go to make up mobs on the stage, and they were waiting to rehearse for the last time those bustling scenes of martial activity that marked the troubled reign of King John. These humble thespians were the lesser players in that big company that was to support Robert Mantell, in a Shakespearian play that in its entirety had not been presented on the New York boards for nearly thirty years.

There was plenty of contrast in that collection of a hundred. There were clerks, college students and working men. But among them all shone out an intelligence rather superior to that which usually attaches to such a nondescript throng.

Evidently there was a hitch somewhere. There seemed to be "nothing doing." Finally an excited youth dashed out of the stage door. "Hey, fellows," he said, "they can't get the stage"—— But his address was interrupted by a calm, bearded man, who followed him, "Say, young man, just cut that out, please, and let me tell the story." It was Mr. Reilly, clerk of the board of supes, who now took the center of the stage: "Boys," he said, "we can't get a clear stage, so all please be at the Hackett Theatre stage door in Forty-second Street at 12 o'clock sharp." At which there was an immediate exodus around the corner.

To the minute the centurion band was assembled on the stage. Added to this there was at least a score of those entrusted with speaking parts. Now, the Hackett stage as compared with the New Amsterdam is a very limited affair, and congestion but feebly describes the conditions that existed. However, every one huddled into the smallest space available, and Mr. Keefer, on whom devolved the task of evolving Shakespearian detail out of metropolitan chaos, took a position, aided by his silver-headed cane, under the T light, and directed Mr. Reilly to call the rôle. Each super had his number, and as each number from 1 to 107 was called, the holder of his particular billet stepped to the front, gave up his yellow ticket of identity and his proper name at the same time, and stepped to the rear. Was it an omen? but the holders of tickets 13 and 23 failed to answer to their names. However, there were several extras, and the missing figures were soon supplied.

"Take your positions for the first act," called out Mr. Keefer and the respective bands of yeomen, French soldiers, English archers and attendant knights, wheeled into a semicircle of distinguishing significance.

Mr. Keefer is short but resolute. His penetrating staccato tones are instinct with the spirit that commands obedience. He wastes no words, but his personality is of the kind that enlists co-operative support, and further than that Mr. Keefer does not lose his temper. Only once did his tones betray impatience. He treated his subjects as if they were human beings—be it said some stage managers do not—and the result was far more satisfactory than a shower of abuse and that personal criticism so galling to the willing but stupid entity of a mob.

"Let's have the spears," said Mr. Keefer. It was Mr. Reilly's turn to speak. "They haven't come," he replied. "Well, send for them," was the rejoinder. "We'll go ahead without them," and the rehearsal began as best it could without "props."

Of course, it is asking too much of a star—whose physical resources must be husbanded—to attend rehearsals simply for the purpose of breaking in supers, so an Englishman with a green hat and a prompt copy supplied all the speeches and positions that would ordinarily be given by, and taken by, Mr. Mantell and the leading woman, Marie Booth Russell, scheduled to play the Lady Constance. But if the stars were not present there were players who really seemed to enjoy rehearsing. They acted with all the fervor and enthusiasm that a crowded house calls forth. And it was good, too, that they did so, for the rank and file broke up, and an inspiring cry to arms brought forth a responsive shout that made the welkin—if there is such a thing about a properly regulated theatre—ring out. Matters were going along very smoothly. Then the spears arrived. At the imminent risk of putting a good portion of the electrical mechanism of the house out of commission they were finally extracted from a long box that would have sufficed to serve as a coffin for the Cardiff giant, and handed out to the numerous followers of Philip and John. Mr. Keefer then, in a few chosen words, explained how they should be carried. At the emission of a shout with one hand they should be raised aloof and brandished. When marching they were to be carried on the right shoulder, particular care being paid to the fact that any excess at the

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MARIE BOOTH RUSSELL (MRS. ROBERT MANTELL)
As Lady Constance in "King John" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

Mme. Destinn Carl Jörn M. Muhlmann Mme. Wakefield Mme. Mattfeld M. Blass Mme. Destinn Carl Jörn

CHARACTERS IN SMETANA'S OPERA "THE BARTERED BRIDE" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

New Works at the Two Opera Houses

TWO new operas at two opera houses. That's about the sum total operatically which courts recording. And so let it be.

The first of these novelties was Bedrich Smetana's "Prodaná Nevesta," which, Englished, is called "The Bartered Bride." At first blush this title stirred the wits of the lobbies to refer to it as "The Buttered Bride" or even "The Bartender's Bride."

Well, it was not that kind of an opera at all. To be quite honest, it is one of the most exquisite operas heard in this opera house. Smetana was a Bohemian, a master, and this, considered his operatic masterpiece, is nearly half a century old. It is to be heard frequently abroad, but its Metropolitan production was announced as the first time in America. And what an exquisite production it was! Let the prima donna and the primo tenore be shelved for a moment while the chief praise is awarded to Gustav Mahler, who conducted the work. He is a Bohemian, too, and he labored over the work with unceasing devotion that must have had for its basis something more than mere patriotism. And the result was that every little detail was worked out with scrupulous care, so that the work was like a cameo in its delicate lines and fine reliefs, and yet the humor of the opera remained to be heard and enjoyed.

The caliber of the music is very light for grand opera, and, of course, the hue and cry arose that the fine beauties of the opera would be lost in the vast auditorium of the Metropolitan. That has gotten to be a *cliché* phrase, which is pressed into service every time a work of slender contour is attempted here. But Mahler proved with his wonderful working out and balancing of forces in the revival of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" this year, that it was possible to retain the effect of a "cabinet" opera and yet have the full effectiveness of the work carry to the furthest spaces of the big opera house; and so it was, too, with "The Bartered Bride," which lost none of its charm apparently.

The cast was a model one. Emmy Destinn sang Marie beautifully, and she entered heartily into the spirit of the work—she, too, is a Bohemian. Carl Jörn, as the lover, sang delightfully, with unaffected manner and a fine, flexible voice; while Didur, as the marriage broker, was almost irreproachable in song and acting. As a stuttering village yokel, Reiss was full of fun. And then there were real blown-in-the-glass Bohemian dancers, led by a Bohemian, Ottokar Bartik, who made the dancing scenes simply bristle with animation. The scenery was pretty, and the famous overture—well known as a concert piece—was played before the second act, so that it might not be wasted upon a half empty or three-quarters filling house. It was well worth saving until then, and Mahler conducted it with contagiously fiery zeal. So, "The Bartered Bride" was a big success, and the public clamored eagerly for a repetition of some of its episodes; and everybody left the opera house grinning at the sheer prettiness of this score.

And while the events of this opera house are on the tapis there craves mention the solitary revival performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio"—also under the baton of Gustav Mahler. This lone Beethoven opera was impressively given, with the effective scenic setting—new last year—copied from the much praised Vienna production. Berta Morena was the Leonore, satisfying in her portrayal of the human side of this rôle, and most praiseworthy musically and dramatically. Burrian sang Florestan very well, and Blass, as Rocco, and Reiss, as Jacquino, were excellent. And the opera—what a tremendous work it is, and how every performance of it serves to raise it higher and higher in the ears and minds of serious listeners! And yet, when all is said and done, is it an opera, after all, or is it a symphony in several acts, illustrated by stage pictures?

JAN BLOCKX

Composer of "La Princesse d'Auberge," grand opera in three acts, produced recently at the Manhattan Opera House. M. Blockx is a Belgian and his music is distinctly of the Flemish school. He is a pupil of Peter Benoit and at present director of the Conservatoire at Antwerp. Among his other works are "Fhylulenspiegl" (1900) and "La Fiancée de la Mer" (1905). His most successful composition is a cantata which calls for 1,500 musicians and singers

The other novelty, at the Manhattan Opera House, was Jan Blockx's "La Princesse d'Auberge," which had its first performance in America, and was also the first of the works of the new Flemish school to be given performance here. The composer is an enthusiastic optimist in regard to Flemish nationalism in his art; at present he is director of the Antwerp Conservatory of Music. And the play upon which this opera is founded is by Nestor de Tiere—also a believer in Flemish art. So the combination looks inviting—at least in theory.

"Princesse d'Auberge" is something more than a decade old, but, while it has crossed the borders of its own land, and has been

heard in Germany and in France, it seems to have been neglected by some of the important opera stages—such as Covent Garden and the Grand Opéra.

And if you ask why—a single hearing of the opera may furnish reply to your query. For the work is an extremely uneven one. There are moments when the composer's fount of melody is charmingly free in its flow, when the tunefulness of the writing holds the ear interested and charms it by the same token of melody. But, alas, there are on the other hand, stretches after stretches when there seems an absolute paucity of idea, when the orchestration is so disproportionate to the singing voice, and when there seems to be heard the writing of a tentative hand instead of a master brain. Some pages in the work are dangerously thin, others are noisy, and still some more are banal. All this would suggest that it was a "curate's egg" opera, that is, an opera "good in spots." And so it is. The first act drags wofully, and the first scene of the second is devoid of any but a sentimental interest—and it must be admitted that much of this did not leap the mysterious footlight hurdle. Then, in the next scene, there is depicted a Brussels carnival, and here the composer achieves a fine, mass effect. The music of this incident is charged with the spirit of carnival time, and the climax is rousing. In the final act some of the best moments of the score occur, and this is unquestionably the finest episode in the whole work. The picture is the interior of the tavern, and the scene is that of a drunken brawl. An old lover of Rita, "the princess of the tavern," stabs to death a new lover of the same wench—that is the dramatic background, and the composer works up to this scene and then handles it very cleverly and with a great deal of theatrical skill.

Marceau

GERMAINE ARNAUD

Brilliant French pianist who has made her American début this season with signal success

The performance itself was excellent. Not that it was above reproach in the matter of every principal concerned, but there was swing to the work, and a lot of details were artistically worked out. Labia was Rita, the lady of no uncertain virtue and of the title rôle. She sang rather waveringly a great part of the time, but in the final scene she carried off the situation by some very clever acting, which atoned for some of her vocal shortcomings. And, while Valles, who is her passion's slave, sang well, his voice was obviously inadequate most of the time, for it did not fill the auditorium nor the rôle sufficiently to make its dramatic possibilities stand out. Zeppilli sang a love-sick, tender-hearted and virtuous maiden laudably, and Gerville-Réache, as the mother of the misguided youth, was sonorous in her lament. Crabbe acted and sang the part of a sort of Flemish Mephistopheles in the disguise of a young musician and friend, and he did it conventionally; but Dufranne, as Rita's rejected lover, made the pulses quicken with his fine, dramatic delivery. Then there was Gilibert, a persistent follower of Bacchus, and the father of Rita—he was simply capital. Campanini conducted with a great deal of spirit and enthusiasm, and he got the inevitable results that count for so much. The scenery was handsome, the carnival incident being beautifully and lavishly put on. The chorus sang well, and everybody concerned, including Oscar Hammerstein, was dragged out for applause, when the audience insisted upon having the finale of the second act repeated.

Gessford

JOSEPH LHEVINNE

The distinguished Russian pianist who has been appearing in Mexico with unprecedented success. According to telegraphic reports, people unhitched the horses of his coach and pulled him in triumph to his hotel

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And now for the concert room. It, too, has not been idle. But the exigencies of space forbid the mention of but a few of the most notable incidents. First of all there was the American début of a young French pianist, Germaine Arnaud, a Conservatoire graduate, still in her teens. She is now about seventeen, and her looks fully substantiate her youth—and yet she plays like a routined artist of many years' experience. She made her first American bow up in Boston, where she played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and earned a lot of praise. Then she came to New York and gave a recital at Mendelssohn Hall, where she distinguished herself by brilliancy of performance that was remarkable in many ways. Her tone is good, her technique admirable, but her memory was not faultless on this occasion, doubtless due to the nervous strain of a first New York appearance.

The other event was the first hearing here of Paderewski's symphony. The famous pianist is well known as a composer—did not his opera "Manru" have production at the Metropolitan Opera House some years ago? This symphony has been the topic of discussion among Paderewski's friends for several years—so much has been said and written about it that this prominence may have served to raise the hopes of his audience far too high. At present the work is in three movements, and it takes a bit more than an hour to play; but the composer contemplates writing a fourth movement. The work is intended by its composer as a patriotic tribute to his native country, and the source of its inspiration was the fortieth anniversary of the Polish revolution of 1863-4; also is the symphony intended to celebrate Poland's heroic past. The first two movements are without distinct program, but the final one is a tone picture of the social and political unrest prior to the outbreak of the war; then follow the kindling of the revolutionary spark, the departure for war, battling, and a dirge for the dead heroes; but the final mood mirrors a return of buoyant hopes—and this paves the way for the fourth movement, yet to be written, which is to be a scherzo.

As to the music, that is unquestionably the product of a serious musician, who has labored over his task. He has labored conscientiously and artistically but—he has labored, so much is plain to listening ears. The imaginative listener is more apt to scent the midnight oil than he is to hear Poland's past greatness in its measures. The work has some fine moments in it, and it contains some worthy ideas, but the big draught of inspiration is not to be discovered. It was admirably played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and elicited a lot of applause which was answered by the composer, who appeared on the platform. Later he played Saint-Säens' Fourth Piano Concerto, and played it wonderfully well, too. Then the real applause of the evening began, and he had to break the "no encore" rule by playing several additional pieces. And it made one pose the question: Why should a heaven-sent pianist strive to be a great composer?

From *Sketch*

This play, in which Fred Terry and Julia Nielson are appearing to tremendous houses in London, has to do with the loves of Henry of Navarre and Marguerite de Valois and the machinations of Catherine de Medici and the Duc de Guise. The picture presented above shows the panel plot. Charles IX, King of France, watches his likeness appear in the panel after having been told by Ruggieri that it will appear once for every year he has to live and that then he will see the portrait of his successor

SCENE IN "HENRY OF NAVARRE," HISTORICAL PLAY WHICH IS HAVING GREAT SUCCESS IN ENGLAND

England to Build a National Theatre

THE project for a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in London is the outcome of a double movement started about twelve months ago, when two committees were formed, each having for its object to promote the foundation of a Shakespeare Memorial. One of these committees favored the erection of a statue in one of the London streets or squares; the other proposed a National Theatre.

SIR GEORGE TRUSCOTT
Lord Mayor of London and head of the National Theatre Committee

The idea of a statue was certainly not a happy one. There is already a statue of Shakespeare in Leicester Square, London, which is by no means a masterpiece of statuary, and, besides, the British metropolis does not shine particularly in statues. In the possession of specimens of the sculptor's art, it is certainly inferior to every capital in the world. There is no need to add to the too numerous bad statues in the metropolis, and there is no reason to suppose that the proposed Shakespeare statue would have proved anything but a wicked libel on the great English dramatist.

It was soon realized, however, that with two competing Shakespeare memorials in the field, neither had any chance of success, and ultimately the two committees were merged into one, after a meeting at the Lyceum Theatre, some months ago. The committee, as at present constituted, has the Lord Mayor of London (Sir George Truscott) at its head, and the other members are Lord Plymouth, Lord Lytton, Lord Esher, Mrs. A. Lyttelton, Sir John Hare, Mr. William Archer, Mr. H. Granville Barker, Mr. S. H. Butcher, Mr. J. Comyns Carr, Mr. Sidney Calvin, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Robert Donald, Dr. F. J. Furnival, Mrs. G. L. Gomme, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Sidney Low, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Professor Gollancz (hon. secretary), and Mr. Philip Carr (secretary).

It is rather curious to see that only three English playwrights are members of a committee which has for its object to honor and keep green the memory of Shakespeare. As things stand at present, the committee, we are told, have decided that the memorial is to take the form of a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which shall be a national theatre, built and organized by public subscription, and for which it is computed a sum of half a million sterling will be required. It is a large amount, but certainly not too large if the proposed national theatre is to be worthy of the British nation. The theatre must be situated within the theatrical zone or district of London, where land is not easy to find, and where, when found, it is very expensive. There is, of course, the chance that a great London landowner may give a site or part with one on easy terms, but that is a contingency which, whilst it is possible, cannot be considered as certain nor come within the calculations of the committee.

WILLIAM ARCHER
Well-known dramatic critic and member of the National Theatre Committee

Then the building itself will be a costly affair, and a national repertory theatre, where, according to the scheme of the committee, the program would vary from week to week, if not from day to day, as is the custom at the Comédie Française in Paris, would have to be equipped with the best and most modern machinery and appliances, and be provided from the start with numerous sets of scenery and a vast quantity of costumes and accessories and properties of all kinds. For it is quite evident that unless there is, from the beginning, an all-sufficient equipment, the national theatre would be unable to vary its program often enough, and would have to play the same piece for a long time, and before empty benches, or else close its doors. This being the case, £500,000 sterling is by no means a lavish estimate. It is well known that many managers think it is too low, and a few months ago, Mr. Bram Stoker, in a well-reasoned article, based upon the knowledge acquired by him during the twenty years or more when he was the late Sir Henry Irving's right-hand man, has shown that one million sterling is required to build, equip, organize and work a national theatre playing say forty or fifty weeks every year.

The repertory of the national theatre would consist of Shakespeare's plays, a certain number of which would have to be given or revived each year, of classical plays by old dramatists, and of the best new plays of modern English playwrights. This would, of course, make of the national theatre the English equivalent, adaptation or imitation of the Paris Comédie Française.

Whether the sum required to carry out the scheme of a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre be half a million or a million sterling, the greatest difficulties would perhaps arise when the theatre was

built, and when it became necessary to find a manager, an administrative staff and a permanent company of artists. We are told that everything has been thought out by the committee even to the last and minutest detail, and it is to be hoped that such is the case. The example of the Comédie Française, however, is a standing lesson and its vicissitudes show what a delicate and difficult undertaking a national theatre is. With every good wish for the success of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in London, it is impossible not to entertain serious misgivings and to think that it would be very wonderful if the organizers of the National Theatre were to succeed where even Napoleon failed. For, as is well known, the present charter of the Comédie Française is the Decree of Moscow, signed and promulgated by the great Emperor during his Russian campaign, and we have seen quite recently through what serious crises the French National Theatre has passed and with what difficulties it has weathered the storm.

The English National Theatre would naturally be placed in the hands of trustees, in whom the funds would be vested and who would have power to appoint the manager, who, in his turn, would have to select the artists and superintend and manage the theatre. A great responsibility this, and one not to be lightly undertaken. Then whence would the artist be drawn? If from the best theatres, the National Theatre will at once be saddled with an enormous salary list, for it will have to pay the artists as well as the other houses do; if from provincial or touring companies its expenses will be smaller, but the attractions will also be smaller, and smaller again will be the takings. This is a vicious circle from which it is difficult to escape, and it certainly goes far to support the view expressed by so many competent men that a national repertoire theatre in England is as impracticable without state or municipal aid as is an all-the-year-round grand opera.

Moffett, Chicago
HATTIE WILLIAMS
Appearing in the title rôle of "Fluffy Ruffles," lately seen at the Criterion Theatre

Clark, Detroit
DORIS MITCHELL
At present appearing in the leading female rôle in "Classmates"

Moffett, Chicago
MARIE NORDSTROM
Seen recently as Portia Perkins in "Mary Jane's Pa," at the Garden Theatre

A few days ago a meeting was held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to hear and consider the reports drawn up by the sub-committees appointed by the Memorial Committee; but as the meeting was private, it is impossible to say what decision (if any) was taken, and whether a final and detailed scheme has at last been evolved. It is stated that a public announcement will shortly be made, and until then nothing definite can be said. It is probable that the scheme, when published, will be found to run on the lines sketched in this short account of the projected Shakespeare Memorial.

If it has been finally decided to carry out the scheme, the Lord Mayor will make a public appeal for funds, and subscription lists will be opened not only at the Mansion House in the City of London, but, through the instrumentality of the Provincial Mayors and municipal authorities, throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom.

PAUL VILLARS.

The Stars of To-morrow

Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The THEATRE MAGAZINE *will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage*

ALICE DOVEY made her entrance as the schoolgirl who wanted to elope with somebody in "A Stubborn Cinderella." An actress in the audience remarked, "She's a clever little thing. She looks like Edna Goodrich and acts like Marie Tempest did when I first knew her." Miss Dovey is tiny and dark, with what May Irwin describes as "gingery prettiness." She comes from Plattsmouth, Neb., and was educated for the operatic stage. In England she and her sister became pupils of Mme. Cellini, and found a patroness of great influence in the Duchess of Teck, who introduced them to Mayfair drawing rooms. Returning to America they were engaged for Marguerite Sylva's company in "The Strollers," humbly joining the chorus. Hearing Alice practicing a singing lesson, Mr. Nixon offered her the part Goldenrod in "Miss Bob White." Then followed engagements with "Woodland," "The Girl and the Bandit," "The Land of Nod" and "The Vanderbilt Cup."

ALICE DOVEY

JEWEL POWER is the young woman who played the rôle of the bride in "A Woman's Way" with such spontaneity that the question which greets interested strangers "Who is she?" at once rose to Broadway lips. Miss Power is another of the clever girls that the West has contributed to our stage. She was born in Portland, Oregon. There four years ago, after her graduation from St. Mary's Academy, she made her professional début with the Baker Stock Company. Her first part was that of the ingenue in "Arabian Nights," at the time the company was headed by Guy Standing and Mary Boland. She remained in their support the remainder of that season, then joined Melbourne McDowell, playing the ingenue parts in Sardou repertoire. At a few hours' notice she played Countess Olga in "Fedora," and played it well. After that she came East. She joined the Kelcey and Shannon company, then Wilton Lackaye in "The Law and the Man." For two summers she has played leads in summer stock companies, the rôles of Rhy in "The Three of Us," Elspeth in "The Road to Yesterday," Georgiana in "Her Own Way," and Ruth Jordan in "The Little Grey Lady."

JEWEL POWER

JOHN TANSY is a phenomenal youngster. He was literally bred in the bone. His mother, Emma Purcell, is an actress, and was a well-known child player. She was the first "Wang" baby with De Wolf Hopper. She went to a convent school, and was the star of the school plays. J. M. Hill, of the Union Square Theatre, saw her in a school play, and put her into child rôles in his theatre. John's father is Harry Tansy, a comedian, playing this season with "Texas." In the Carlotta Nillson company, because of his blasé manner and six years' experience, they call Johnny "The Veteran Actor." He was two years' old when he began playing. He made his début with N. C. Goodwin in "Wolfville." Miss Katherine Grey was the leading woman of that company, and Miss Grey has always remembered the clever child, for on the opening night of every new production she sends John a telegram. He played next with Robert Peyton Gibbs in "The Land of the Free." He was seen in a revival of "Wang." Then followed a season of thirty-nine weeks with Olga Nethersole. He followed the dramatic flag of Nanette Comstock next in "Jet." Alfred Bruening was the next star, and the play "The Right to Live."

JOHN TANSY

MILTON SILLS' appearance with Carlotta Nillson in "This Man and This Woman" was greeted as the advent of something new in a leading man. Naturalness was the keynote of his performance. Born in Chicago twenty-eight years ago, Mr. Sills reached the distinction by way of his Alma Mater, the University of Chicago, of a fellowship in Philosophy. It was the University Dramatic Club that so led him away from the interest in that fellowship until he resigned it. His first professional appearance was as leading man in "Dora Thorne" with a road company in 1905. Two years later he became leading man for Donald Robertson, playing in his company Kroll in "Rosmersholm," Martyn in "The Blot on the Scutcheon," the juvenile part in Molière's "Miser," Oldman in Hauptmann's "The Coming of Peace," Harold in Björnson's "Sigurd's Slumber," the blind grandfather in "The Intruder," the Governor in Gogol's "The Inspector," the father in "As the Leaves." The summer of 1907 he appeared in Shakespearian repertoire with Charles Coburn's company from Boston to Montgomery, playing Antonio in "Twelfth Night," and the Duke in "The Comedy of Errors." Last season he played the juvenile with Lester Lonergan's stock company in New Orleans. He was engaged to play the lead in "The Faith Healer" at the request of the author, Henry Vaughn Moody. The postponement of that production enabled him to join Miss Nillson's company.

MILTON SILLS

WILLETTE KERSHAW, for many seasons a stock star both in the East and West, has a further claim to interest in that she is a great grandchild of a Bishop of New York. Directly from that Bishop she has inherited two marked traits. One of these is a tremendous determination. The other is a poetic quality of thought and action, involving high ideals. Miss Kershaw is a Missouri girl. Her name was originally Provost, but her father, determining to keep alive another family name that was threatened with extinction, secured legislative action to change the name to Kershaw. One ancestress, Miss Mary Provost, was on the stage, having starred in "The Ticket of Leave Man." This great granddaughter of a Bishop and great grandniece of an actress, has arrived by way of the stock route. Although very young, she has played more than two hundred parts. The attention of Liebler & Co. was attracted by her success in the ingenue rôle in a western company of "Susan in Search of a Husband." Her appearance in the rôle of Jenny, in which she succeeded Elsie Ferguson in "The Battle" is the second on Broadway. It was preceded by a brief engagement in "Brown of Harvard."

WILLETTE KERSHAW

The Actor in the Street

The street has ever been considered the best place to study humanity in its multifarious manifestations. Balzac spent hours in the streets watching different types of people, which later he portrayed in his novels. Actors also go to the street when studying a new character. Kean went to see a notorious felon hanged in order to catch his dying expression of horror and despair. Garrick drew his conception of Lear from life. Richard Mansfield owed his triumph as the Baron Chevrial to painstaking study of the symptoms of senility gone over with a physician. The actor searches for ideas and types in shops, railroad stations, street cars, boats, everywhere. He finds his man, cultivates his acquaintance, and does not leave him for weeks, while the stranger little suspects that he is a model for a new laughable or tragic creation of the stage

"THE three main points for an actor to study, and those which most actors fail to take into account, are faces, and talking and walking," remarked Henry E. Dixey as he stepped out of Hiram Perkins' clothes after the performance of "Mary Jane's Pa" at the Garden Theatre a few nights ago. "And where is an actor to study these things except in the streets? There he finds faces to fit any character he may be studying, and he sees how his character should walk and hears how he talks. The actor is an illustrator of types, that's all."

HENRY E. DIXEY

From Peanuts in Augustin Daly's melodrama, "Under the Gaslight," which was Mr. Dixey's first part, at the age of nine, all through "The Seven Ages of Man" in stage parts, Mr. Dixey has illustrated types. To his early success on the stage he probably owes much to "kicking." Having been cast for the hind legs of the heifer in Edward E. Rice's "Evangeline," he complained that "there wasn't much fun" in not being able to see the audience. Even at that time Dixey wanted to look at faces. The stage manager told him to "back up" and do as he was told, so there was nothing else for Dixey to do but remain the hind legs of the heifer or quit the company. But at rehearsal one day, as the heifer was doing its stunts, the hind legs kicked the stage manager across the stage. The next day Dixey was cast for the forelegs of the heifer. He won a place for himself in that famous heifer dance, and it may be truly said that Henry E. Dixey began his stage career as a pair of legs and that during his forty years on the stage he has acted every part of the human anatomy and mentality, and may be termed a "finished" actor. Dixey remained with that popular musical comedy, "Evangeline," for several years, playing practically every male rôle.

"I would have played all of the female rôles, too," said Mr. Dixey, "had it not been that I did not want to step on the women's toes."

After having performed many feats with his feet, Mr. Dixey's head came very much into play in "The Man With a Hundred Heads," a play in which he starred under the management of Charles Frohman in 1891. In this play, as in many others, Mr. Dixey showed himself an illustrator of true types of men, and without the use of make-up to any considerable degree. Mr. Dixey does not depend upon make-up for his characterizations.

HENRY E. DIXEY AS ADONIS

"When I take up a new part I ask myself, 'How is this part going to be in me?' and 'What was the character before it is shown in the play, what brought about his present state?' Then I call to the front whatever mental photographs I have stored away somewhere in my brain that fit the part. If I have none, I at least have an idea of what the character is and how the part should be played. I have either seen such a character somewhere in actual life, or I will see him some time or other. It is then, while my mind is open to a particular character, and the photographic film of my brain is exposed, that 'ten to one' I meet just the type I am to portray in the street, either on my way to rehearsal or to the hotel, or on my way to the barber's. I do not, when I take up a new part, rush madly out into the street to find an actual living manifestation of it, but, after carefully analyzing the part, I put myself into a receptive mood, and in the multitude that throng the streets I am almost sure to find some outward expression of the part in hand.

"Art must be true—is true. Before an actor can give a true and lifelike interpretation of a part he must have felt the part within him. The fellow who sticks on a putty nose, or large whiskers, gives only an outward picture of the part. He gets a good laugh, but that's all. It is the power of suggestion, which must issue from the actor, and not make-up that makes the actor. And, back of everything there must be soul, the spark of life, to make an actor's work vibrate harmoniously and ring true."

Mr. Dixey has studied faces more closely than perhaps any other living actor. Before appearing in "The Seven Ages," in 1889, he spent day after day, for several weeks, in Central Park studying the facial expressions of babies. Had Detective "Jim" Kane, who achieved fame in arresting a famous singer in the "Monkey House," been sleuthing in the park in those days, Dixey might have been arrested for "making faces" at babies. When he gave his characterization of the infant of the period of 1740, Baby Van Loo, in "The Seven Ages," he showed every facial expression as naturally as if he had never outgrown his cradle. Mr. Dixey used no "make-up" for the part of the infant, an achievement probably never attained either before or since on the stage.

A college campus, especially when it

Scenes in the Musical Play "Havana," the Casino's Latest Success

Consuelo (Edith Decker)

ACT II. THE YOUNG CUBANS SINGING "MY CUBAN QUEEN" TO CONSUELO

NIX FACES THE RIFLES WITH HIS OWN FUNERAL WREATH

Lillie Fuehrer James T. Powers (Samuel Nix) Robbie Fuehrer

SAMUEL NIX PREVENTS CHIQUITA FROM FIGHTING OVER THE APPLE

THE EXECUTION PARTY LEVEL THEIR RIFLES

Bangs CATHERINE TOWER
Eighteen-year-old leading woman now playing through the South in Thomas Dixon's and Channing Pollock's drama "The Traitor"

is made up almost entirely of streets, like that of the old Columbia College, and, for that matter, like Columbia College to-day, is a good place to study types, grotesque and otherwise. After his wanderings in Central Park with the infants, Mr. Dixey walked down Madison avenue to Forty-ninth street, where Columbia College then sent forth her "manly sons," as we were wont to sing in "dear old college days." Mr. Dixey was in search of a living Bertie Van Loo, the Columbia College A.B. of "The Seven Ages." After looking over a few hundred "rah! rah!" boys as they filled Madison avenue after "Chem. II" and other sulphurated lectures, Mr. Dixey jumped on a car and went down to Union Square a disappointed man at not having found anything that looked anything like a real, live A.B. But he was not to be daunted, and bright and early the next noon the actor again found himself sleuthing for "Bertie" in Madison avenue. The actor was beginning to feel tired standing around so long, when his eye chanced to fall on an aristocratic-appearing young man wearing eyeglasses and an "A.B." + "D.D." look.

"Ah, there's my 'Bertie,'" said the actor under his breath, and he followed at a respectful distance behind.

It so happened that this young "A.B" + "D.D."-looking son of Columbia was fond of walking, and he unconsciously—for he did not know he was under minute observation—set a lively pace for the actor, who, by the way, had been standing around for some two hours and felt just a little bit tired. "Bertie" led the actor several blocks, turning and returning around corners, until he wound up at a Fifth avenue mansion, where Mr. Dixey took a final mental photograph of the living second character which he was about to assume in his play, "The Seven Ages."

For the part of Judge Van Loo, of the period of 1800, Mr. Dixey visited the old Madison Street Police Court and made a quick find. The presiding magistrate was so ancient and honorable-looking that Mr. Dixey did not go any further, but studied him carefully one whole afternoon and part of the following forenoon. The things Mr. Dixey particularly studied were the way the magistrate had in pulling his gown around him and squirming in his seat every time a new case came up, and a peculiar twitch of the lips just after giving sentence. It was this twitch of the lips as later given by Mr. Dixey in "The Seven Ages" that caused those of the audience sitting in the front rows to squirm in their seats. For the Grandfather Van Loo Mr. Dixey visited several homes for the aged and infirm, until he found an old, bent-over man who was always fondling his cane. This bit of stage business introduced into the play won instant approval—it thrilled.

Mr. Dixey said that all of these characters were first invented in his own brain and then, for the purpose of "local color," were hunted down in real life, and studied, and sometimes literally copied in their entirety.

In "Her Atonement," the season of 1898-99, Mr. Dixey played the part of an Irish policeman. While he did not have to hunt far to find an Irish policeman, he did have a hard time finding the particular type of Irish policeman he wanted.

"Why, often when I was out looking for my policeman, I would walk for blocks and blocks and never get a passing glance at a bluecoat," said Mr. Dixey. "How strange, not to be able to find a policeman in the streets! But I soon found out where to look for them, and one night I ran plumb into my man. He was leaning against a lamppost in East Eighteenth street—I don't know whether he was holding up the lamppost or whether the lamppost was holding him up. At any rate, I watched him from across the street and saw him sneak into a corner saloon by way of the ladies' entrance, and, after waiting for a full hour and a half, I saw him emerge and go right over to the same lamppost. This time he seemed to notice me standing looking at him and he tried to blow out the light in the lamp. Being unsuccessful in this, he started towards me. Of course, I quietly moved along, because I dislike to have any argument with the man with the big stick."

Mr. Dixey was so successful in transplanting this particular policeman to the stage that one night "Big Bill" Devery, "the finest, etc., New York ever had," dropped into the Academy of Music to see how many cops he could find off post. The Chief became interested in the performance, especially when he thought he recognized in Dixey a policeman attached to the East Twenty-second street station, named Dennis O'Hoolihan, an old offender in not being found anywhere on post when wanted. "Big Bill" Devery was not satisfied that Dixey was not O'Hoolihan until he went back of the stage and looked over the stage manager's list of the members of the company.

"By gum," said Devery to Dixey, after the end of the act, "I thought you were O'Hoolihan making extra money. I've been worried to death over him. Why, some day when he's off post he's apt to get hurt, he is."

The incident so pleased Devery that he took O'Hoolihan to see the play a few nights afterwards and introduced the erring policeman to his double, Dixey.

"Why, Chief, no wonder you took me for this cop," remarked Dixey. "He is the very man I built this part on."

Henry E. Dixey is, perhaps, the most versatile actor on the English-speaking stage, as may be seen from his widely divergent character portrayals in "The Seven Ages" and other plays following close upon one another chronologically. In no play was his versatility and wonderful grace more apparent than in the famous "Adonis," which had its first performance at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, on July 6, 1884. In New York, the following autumn, "Adonis" established the record for long runs, playing an engagement of 603 continuous performances at the Bijou

Theatre. Later, at the Gaiety Theatre in London, the piece ran for 100 nights, at that time especially, and even now, a big run for American productions in the British world's metropolis.

Many a person who saw "Adonis" for the first time would have sworn that the statue was of real marble, and how surprised was everyone when the graceful Dixey stepped down from the pedestal! Mr. Dixey originated the pose and costume, but he studied noted marble statues in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Metropolitan Museum of Art for the expression of the eyes when closed—for the feeling there seems to be even in cold white marble. As will be remembered by all except the younger generation of playgoers, after his wonderful statue pose, which lasted for several minutes, Mr. Dixey gave a number of imitations in "Adonis" of Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Chevalier, the country girl, the barber, the dry-goods clerk, the drug clerk, the post office clerk, and the Jew clothes dealer. Most of these he had observed and studied in a country store in a small town where his company had to change trains while en tour. He never failed to find the prototype he sought.

While playing Adonis Mr. Dixey received thousands of love—"mash"—letters from girls and women all over this country and England. His collection of love letters is said to exceed even Lillian Russell's.

When I remarked about his grace to Mr. Dixey, particularly in "Adonis," he said:

"It is not grace, it is simply equilibrium. When one has studied how to stand and how to walk properly, one gets his equilibrium, and, of course, is what we commonly call graceful. Few actors realize what it means to walk and to stand properly."

To say that an actor could learn anything from his valet would shock some actors, but not so Mr. Dixey. He once had a valet who had a fondness for the classics and also for anything else he could place his hands on. His "touch" was gentle and artistic, yet so strong, that before ridding himself of the little fellow, Mr. Dixey carefully observed his clever actions.

"His manner was that of a nobleman of France and his nature the same, veneered with the methods of the cleverest pickpocket and rascal of any nationality," said Mr. Dixey.

It was not long after Mr. Dixey had said farewell to his cunning valet that he was cast for the part of François in "The Adventures of François," nine years ago. The character François was a foundling, also a trained thief and pickpocket, with a hungering taste for Greek.

"All I had to do," said Mr. Dixey, "was to summon my former valet from the innermost recesses of my memory and put myself in him, and I had François."

To most everyone at all interested in human nature, art or psychology, the low "bum," so-called, has come in for his share of attention. Like many others, Mr. Dixey has watched all kinds and conditions of "bums," in many cities and along various railroad rights of way. So, when he was to play the part of a low "bum" in "A Modern Magdalen," with Miss Amelia Bingham, a few years ago, he had a rather definite idea of what the part really called for. However, in order to be sure to have every detail correct, he went down to Mills' Hotel No. 1 in New York one afternoon to look over the assortment. Sitting by a radiator reading a Buffalo newspaper Dixey spied his man. The actor approached the man, talked with him, and as Mr. Dixey was about to leave the man inquired if he were not an actor.

"Why do you ask?" said Dixey.

"I've seen you somewhere, it must have been on the stage."

"I guess that's where you saw me, all right," replied Dixey. "Here's my card. Just present it at the box office. Good evening, I hope you enjoy the performance."

After the play opened, Mr. Dixey received this note:

"You're all right, Mr. Dixey. You got me down to a 'T.' I'd go to see you again if you'd send me a ticket, I would. Thank you." (Signed) "J. Jay, care Mills Hotel No. 1."

Wendell Phillips Dodge.

From *Sketch*

EVERY SEAT ITS OWN SAFE-DEPOSIT

Ladies leaving their hats in a special cloakroom at the Berliner Theatre. In an endeavor to solve the matinée hat problem, the Berliner Theatre is providing a new cloakroom for its lady patrons. In this each fair wearer of a matinée hat can lock it up herself, and so ensure its safety

SCENE IN "A DINNER OF HERBS," COMEDY BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

As presented recently by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts at the Empire Theatre, this city

Story of J. M. Barrie's Charming Comedy "What

Byron, N. Y.

James Wylie (Fred Tyler) Maggie Wylie (Maude Adams) Alick Wylie (R. Peyton Carter) David Wylie (David Torrence)
Act I. The Wylie brothers congratulate their dear spinster sister on her strange betrothal

THE Wylie family consists of three bachelor brothers, David, Alick and James and their spinster sister, Maggie. The brothers Wylie, canny Scotchmen, are well-to-do quarry proprietors. They have little education, but so deep a reverence for books that they purchase ten yards of them. They cannot read their contents, but the books are treasured as precious belongings in the family bookcase. What is most admirable about the Scotch brothers is their love for their demure little spinster sister, who has reached the respectable age of twenty-seven without finding an acceptable suitor. This neglect of their sister by the village swains the brothers take keenly to heart, for they love Maggie even more than their games of chess. One night the family gets a scare. They plainly hear a burglar enter the house and in the morning they find unmistakable traces of his visit. To their surprise they discover that he comes every night, so they lay a trap to catch him. The burglar arrives unsuspecting, and the three brothers followed by Maggie, armed with a poker, confront the intruder. He is John Shand, a railway porter, who is ambitious to make a public career. But he is too poor to get the learning necessary. Aware that the Wylies go to bed at ten o'clock, he has made use of their library. The three brothers are interested in the young man, and they agree to give him £300 for his education if in return he will consent to marry Maggie at the end of five years. He accepts the bargain. Six years go by and John has made wonderful strides. He is elected to Parliament. He does not love

Byron, N. Y.

John Shand (Richard Bennett) Maggie (Maude Adams)
Act II. John is elected to Parliament, and Maggie, unwilling to compel him to stand by his bargain to marry her, tears up the agreement

Every Woman Knows" Told in Picture and Text

Byron, N. Y. Mr. Venables (Lumsden Hare) Maggie (Maude Adams) John Shand, M.P. (Richard Bennett) Comtesse de la Brière (Ffollett Paget)
Act III. Mr. Venables suspects that Mrs. Shand has something to do with Shand's brilliant speeches

Maggie. He is too selfish and conceited to love anybody but himself, and although Maggie voluntarily destroys the document which binds him, he insists that a bargain's a bargain. They are married and John becomes a power in Parliament, his reputation resting chiefly on his brilliant speeches. Maggie typewrites most of these speeches and injects into them some of her own quaint personality. But John is too egotistical to see that his success is due to anybody but himself. His head is turned with his triumph and in society he meets a young woman of title, Lady Sybil, who, he imagines, inspires him. One day Maggie surprises John kissing Lady Sybil and giving her presents. This is a shock to Maggie, but she is determined never to interfere with John's career, so she offers to give him up. However, she has no great confidence in the depth of his attachment for Lady Sybil, so she gets her friend the Comtesse de la Brière to invite him for a fortnight to her house where Sybil is also to be a guest. John there prepares a speech which is to gain him admission to the Cabinet. The speech is finished, but Mr. Venables, the cabinet minister, finds it commonplace and lacking the usual Shand brilliance. Maggie now arrives on the scene bringing with her the original draft of the speech, which she had herself recently rewritten. This falls into the hands of Mr. Venables, who comes in delighted just after John and Lady Sybil have admitted that they didn't care for each other after all. John finds that Maggie has been his true inspiration and for the first time he understands that she is a necessary part of his life.

Byron, N. Y. James Wylie (Fred Tyler) Maggie (Maude Adams) Alick Wylie (R. Peyton Carter)
John Shand, M.P. (Richard Bennett) David Wylie (David Torrence) Lady Sybil (Beatrice Agnew)
Act III. Maggie shows her brothers a beautiful locket which her husband has given to Lady Sybil together with his—love!

Plays Worth Seeing — "The Battle"

Cleveland Moffett, author of "The Battle"

"THE BATTLE,"* a play in four acts by Cleveland Moffett, which is having a successful run at the Savoy Theatre, is a brilliant discussion of the poignant problem of capital and labor. The author does not attempt to solve the problem he presents. How to help the poor without demoralizing them remains an unsettled question at the fall of the final curtain. The play is more in the nature of a satire on the propensity of man to take advantage of his fellows in business and to control the means of making money. John J. Haggleton, a shrewd financier, has accumulated millions by pitiless methods. Years before the action begins, his wife has left him, taking with her their son, Phillip. She determines that the boy shall become an honest man, never subjected to the temptations of gaining wealth in iniquitous ways, and when she dies she confides Phillip to a philosophical soul named Gentle, who promises never to reveal to the lad his identity until he reaches manhood. Haggleton, who is about to sail away on his yacht for a pleasure trip, learns from Gentle that his boy is living. His first impulse is to reveal himself to his son, but he is shrewd enough to see that the better way would be to first change Phillip's views of the relations between capital and labor, and gain his love by associating with him on the same plane. The curtain, rising on the first act, shows the interior of the Morans' filthy tenement, a wretched place with bare floor, battered furniture, unwashed windows, and very little to eat. Here we are introduced to Moran, a disgruntled baker; Joe, a sporty loafer, and Jenny, Moran's daughter, who has "gone wrong." Phillip, who earns his living as a diver, drops in to see about a child who is ill. Jenny is in love with Phillip. He, however, cares more for Margaret Lawrence, a trained nurse who is living in the same boarding house. Haggleton, who owns the tenement in which the Morans live, comes there by appointment with Gentle and is introduced to Phillip as "Mr. Jackson."

Margaret (Josephine Victor) Haggleton (Wilton Lackaye) Moran (Gerald Griffen)
Gentle (E. M. Holland) Phillip (H. B. Warner) Jennie (Grace Filkins)
Act III. Moran fires at Haggleton and Phillip falls to the floor

GENTLE: Phillip, I want you to know a friend of mine, Mr.—er—Jackson. Mr. Jackson is interested in tenement house problems.

PHILLIP (*he shakes hands with Haggleton*): If you want problems, you've struck the right place. This is Lung Block. The man who owns it is just starting off on a cruise in his million dollar yacht.

HAGGLETON: You mean Mr. Haggleton?

PHILLIP: Yes. The doctors say he needs a change. I wonder what his tenants need?

HAGGLETON (*looking about the room*): I should say the ones who live here need more soap and not so many marble clocks.

(*Bedroom door opens.*)

MARGARET (*at door*): Phillip!

(*Phillip goes to bedroom door. Benny cries.*)

Hush, Benny! (*At door*) Where's the croup kettle?

(*He brings her croup kettle.*)

PHILLIP: Here it is, dearest.

(*Haggleton business.*)

MARGARET: Thank you. (*Exit Margaret, closing door.*)

HAGGLETON (*to Phillip*): Who is that young woman?

PHILLIP (*with dignity*): The *lady* in there, sir, is—she's the girl I'm going to marry.

HAGGLETON: Oh!

PHILLIP: Are you a friend of Mr. Haggleton's?

HAGGLETON: Yes!

PHILLIP: You know him?

HAGGLETON: Yes.

PHILLIP (*incredulous*): You know him personally?

GENTLE: Mr. Jackson is associated with him in business, and has been helping Mr. Haggleton in schemes for tenement improvements.

PHILLIP: I'd like to tell Mr. Haggleton a few things about tenement improvements.

HAGGLETON: What?

PHILLIP (*aroused*): I'd tell him he owns blocks and blocks on the lower East Side, which are in such a lovely state that he might as well be running a factory for turning out—— (*He checks himself*) What's the use?

HAGGLETON: Go on. A factory for turning out—what?

PHILLIP (*slowly looking Haggleton full in the face*): Thieves and—drunkards and—wrecks of women.

(*He pauses a moment and then bursts out furiously.*)

My God, why can't you men be decent?

HAGGLETON: Mr. Haggleton has rooms to sell, and these people want to buy them. Business is business.

PHILLIP: What a rotten idea! Lie, steal, plunder people, break their hearts, and if you say "business is business"—then it's all right.

HAGGLETON: Oh, I see—you've been reading the muck-rakers, eh?

PHILLIP: Why not?

HAGGLETON: All such men are robbers, eh?

PHILLIP: I don't say that.

HAGGLETON: If I had a daughter, she'd be a princess?

PHILLIP: Probably.

HAGGLETON: And my son would be a fool?

PHILLIP: No doubt.

HAGGLETON: And reformers care nothing about money? The editor of the Socialist paper takes no interest in his salary, eh?

PHILLIP: Even reformers have to live.

HAGGLETON (*grimly*): Listen to me, young man. There isn't a reformer in this country who wouldn't stop reforming damned quick if he found it was hurting his pocket-book.

PHILIP (*with fire*): That's false! Besides, it has nothing to do with the question. The question is, where do you get your money, you rich men? Do you earn it? Do you dig it out of the ground? No. You get it by the toil of man, by the tears of women and children; you get it by grinding human beings down to starvation wages and taking the rest, millions and millions that belong to the workers, but go into your fat pockets, because you're strong enough and cruel enough to take it——(*There is a knock at the door*) and that's how you get such places as Lung Block and such monsters as John J. Haggleton.

(*Enter Grimes quickly in a business suit.*)

GRIMES (*to Haggleton. Looks at watch*): Mr. Haggleton, you've only got a few minutes if you want to sail with the tide.

HAGGLETON (*impatiently to Grimes*): When I want you I'll send for you.

GRIMES (*flustered*): I'm sorry, sir——

HAGGLETON (*cutting him short*): That will do.

(*Grimes bows and exits in confusion.*)

PHILLIP (*to Haggleton, astonished*): Are you—Mr. Haggleton?

HAGGLETON: That's my name.

PHILLIP: But— (*To Gentle*) Did *you* think his name was Jackson?

GENTLE (*shaking his head. Explaining*): I—I—there was a reason for introducing Mr. Haggleton in that way.

HAGGLETON: A very simple reason. I want to study tenement conditions without newspaper notoriety.

PHILLIP: Oh!

HAGGLETON: Now, if you go on with what you were saying?

PHILLIP: What's the use? You can't settle the problems of poverty while your yacht waits——

HAGGLETON: I can give certain orders, can't I? I can authorize certain improvements. Now talk quick.

PHILLIP: That's the way with you rich people, you think you can settle anything by signing a check. Well, you can't do it. The only real help for the poor comes through love, and you can't pay someone to love for you. You might as well pay someone to eat for you, or breathe for you, or sleep for you. *You've got to do your loving yourself.*

HAGGLETON (*startled—half to himself*): You've got to do your loving yourself.

(*Looks intently at Phillip for some moments, when suddenly his face lights up as a new idea comes to him.*)

HAGGLETON: After all, there must be a lot of these poor people who are

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Mr. Robert Mantell as King John

H. B. IRVING AS CHARLES I

The late Sir Henry Irving's son is now appearing at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, as the unhappy English king, which was one of his father's finest creations

not worth loving. They bring their misfortunes upon themselves. I say the average man can conquer these tenement conditions if he will work and save and be patient. I know what I'm talking about—I started in a tenement myself.

GENTLE: That was years ago.

PHILLIP: Conditions have changed since then.

HAGGLETON: Not a bit. A man with the right stuff in him can win out against poverty just as well to-day as he ever could.

PHILLIP (*incredulous*): A man like Moran!

HAGGLETON: Who's Moran?

PHILLIP: Your tenant here.

GENTLE: He had a small oil business in the West which the system absorbed.

PHILLIP: Now he's a baker.

(*Haggleton gets up and walks about the room thinking hard. Gentle watches him curiously.*)

HAGGLETON (*sharply*): He can't be much good if this is the way he keeps his home.

PHILLIP: He's half sick.

HAGGLETON: So am I half sick. (*Goes up stage*) That's why the doctors have ordered me away on this yachting trip.

(*He continues to walk back and forth.*)
How much does Moran earn?

PHILLIP: Nine dollars a week.

HAGGLETON (*after a pause*): Do you know what I'd do in Moran's place?

PHILLIP: Yes. In Moran's place you'd do about the same as he does.

HAGGLETON: You think so?

PHILLIP: I'm sure of it.

HAGGLETON (*half to himself*): If I only had time!

(*Long pause while he walks about the room. Glancing keenly at Phillip now and then*) Does Moran own all this junk?

PHILLIP: Yes.

HAGGLETON (*studying furniture*): He ought to get something on these marble clocks. Not a bad old hatstand, but it's in the way; and we don't need this sewing machine. Hm!

(*He continues to walk about absorbed in his thoughts. Presently he steps close to Phillip abruptly*)
We can get twenty or thirty dollars for this stuff you don't need—twenty or thirty dollars, why, I could move the world with that. I started in New York with a dollar and twenty-five cents.

PHILLIP (*surprised*): What are you driving at?

HAGGLETON: See here, are you two willing to let me prove my contention in my own way?

(*Haggleton's manner is confident, his eyes flash with authority, he is quite master of the situation.*)

GENTLE (*with meaning*): I am willing!

PHILLIP: I don't understand.

HAGGLETON: Get me some paper. I want to write the captain of my yacht, to tell him to sail at once as arranged, without me.

GENTLE and PHILIP: Without you?

HAGGLETON (*to Gentle*): Impose secrecy on him and you!

PHILLIP (*in amazement*): You're not going on the yacht?

HAGGLETON (*slowly and impressively*): No. I'm going to stay here. I'm going to win a little bet I've made with your friend, Mr. Gentle. And I'm going to show *you* what I would do if I had to hustle in a tenement without a dollar.

Mr. Haggleton is so successful that prosperity soon takes the place of poverty with those concerned. It is shown that those with socialistic ideas are quick to take advantage of prosperity which comes through monopoly. When the curtain rises on Act II a change for the better in Moran's home is plainly seen. The whole place is made clean and attractive, the old rubbish has been cleared away, the floor has been scrubbed and covered with matting, and the walls painted white. Filthy folding beds are gone, and in their place are two comfortable divans with bright covers, while the windows are hung with neat white curtains. Phillip meantime has become absorbed in Mr. Haggleton's scheme for organizing into a syndicate the various bakeries in the neighborhood. Haggleton enters and finds Jenny Moran:

JENNY (*she smiles brightly*): Say, you've got Gentle worried alright.

HAGGLETON: I? How?

JENNY: Oh, with all this bakeshop business. Before you came it was nothing but wrongs of the poor, now it's nothing but money-making schemes.

HAGGLETON (*pleased, sits left of table*): You think Phillip is interested?

JENNY: Interested? You know he's interested. Why yesterday Gentle was trying to talk tenement-house reform to Phil and Phil hardly listened. He was figuring out the profits of some electric machine you told him about for kneading bread.

HAGGLETON: Good!

JENNY: I never saw Phil that way, and—er——

(*Haggleton gives her an inquiring look.*) Oh, never mind!

(*Crosses center and puts sewing away.*)

HAGGLETON: You like him, don't you?

JENNY: Everybody likes him. I love him. (*Pause*) And this sort of encourages me——

HAGGLETON (*with growing interest*): How so?

JENNY: Why, you've made me see that—that—there are two Phillips (*she points to picture*). The one Gentle knows and the one you know. You've waked up the other Phillip, so why shouldn't I do the same?

HAGGLETON: Two Phillips? What a strange fancy!

JENNY: I tell you there are two Phillips. One of them loves this trained nurse, what's the matter with the other Phillip loving me? (*Crosses to table.*)

HAGGLETON: Do you really think you can win him away from this trained nurse?

JENNY (*arms akimbo, turns to him*): Do you really think you can win him away from Gentle? She makes me tired with her airs—and she ain't strong for you, Mr. Jackson. When I met her I saw she didn't care for me—and she don't know anything about me—I do know she's not such a much—it was her brother that put me on the down slide.

HAGGLETON: Her brother?

JENNY: Yes, the brother of the girl Phil's goin' to marry—this nurse girl—I've a good mind to tell him.

HAGGLETON: No; her brother is not her fault.

JENNY: No—he's my fault, I suppose.

(*Whistle. She goes to window, waves her hand. Crosses room.*)

HAGGLETON: Now, now, go into my room and put up fresh curtains—and, Jenny (*goes to table, thinks for a moment*), cut the butter up in small squares after this. There's less waste. And we must get our coal by the ton. It costs twice as much by the bucketful.

JENNY: We haven't got a place to store it.

HAGGLETON: I'll see about storing it and — (*He thinks again*) Let's see, you earned five dollars a week?

JENNY: Yes.

HAGGLETON: When this bakeshop scheme comes off you'll get eight,

We've brightened up this room. We're going to brighten up your lives as well, your father's—your——

JENNY: There's only one thing can brighten up my life—and father—well, he has no hope for the future. He only broods over the past.

HAGGLETON: What past?

JENNY: He had a little oil business in Iowa. Enough to keep us all comfortably. But the trust couldn't let us go by. Mr. Haggleton's wagons undersold us at our door—and father was ruined—now he's a helper in a cellar bakeshop——

HAGGLETON: It's the law of business. The survival of the fittest.

JENNY: Yes, I suppose so. But, it's hard to prove that to those who don't fit.

(*Exit Jenny into bedroom.*)

(*Haggleton walks about the room inspecting things and finally stands in serious meditation with his eyes fixed on Phillip's picture.*)

(*A step is heard in the hall and Haggleton turns towards door. Enter Gentle. He seems disturbed.*)

HAGGLETON: Hello, Gentle!

(*Gentle hangs hat on the rack and sits right of table.*)

What's the trouble?

GENTLE: I'll come straight to the point, Mr. Haggleton, before Phillip comes.

HAGGLETON: Phillip will be here in a few minutes to report on our bakeshop scheme. (*Sits left of table.*)

GENTLE: Ah! You ask what the trouble is. There it is. We have nothing but bakeshops here, nothing but schemes for making money. I wanted you to study the problems of poverty with Phillip—

HAGGLETON: That was the arrangement. You said I could work this out in my own way. I'm a poor man hustling for a living.

GENTLE: A poor man! It's a wonder no one has recognized you.

HAGGLETON: Why should they? The newspapers say I'm away on my yacht—and who knows me down here? If one of those smart reporters happened to see me, he'd say: "Hello, get on to the old baker who looks like John J."

GENTLE: Yes, but Phillip knows.

HAGGLETON: Phillip. He's interested in this experiment and will do nothing to hinder it.

GENTLE: That's the trouble. He's too much interested. What's the use of this experiment?

HAGGLETON: The use? I'm going to win my boy. And he's worth winning. The more I see of him the better I like him. Besides, it's a lesson for all you kickers. A mighty good lesson. Look at this room, and think what it was before I came. (*Pause while he studies room.*) By the way, what's the matter with joining these two little windows into one large observation window? We'll have the finest view in the city.

GENTLE (*smiling*): But the landlord?

HAGGLETON: The landlord never objects to improvements in the property if the tenant pays for them. We'll pay for that window. We can afford to. By to-morrow we'll control an organization of East Side bakeshops that's going to be very profitable. Wait till you hear Phillip's report.

GENTLE: That's just the trouble. Phillip is demoralized. I hardly know him.

HAGGLETON: You've never known him. You're just getting acquainted with him. He's my son.

CONSUELO BAILEY

Will be seen in Roy L. McCardell's "The Gay Life," to be given shortly in New York

The father of the trained nurse, with whom Phillip is in love, has been ruined in the crushing methods of the rich man, and she is unhappy at the change she notices in Phillip. In a scene in Act III she charges him with having lost his ideals.

MARGARET (*after pause*): Phil, haven't you noticed that I've been—worried and unhappy lately? (*Pause*) You've changed since Mr. Jackson came here.

PHILLIP: I—er—I suppose I have.

MARGARET: You've been absorbed in—business schemes and—money-making. Isn't it true?

PHILLIP: Yes, it's true.

MARGARET: Why have you been this way?

PHILLIP: I admit what you say. Mr. Jackson has had an influence over me. You feel it. Gentle feels it, and—I know it. I'm different from what I was before he came. It's as if he had waked up something in me that I didn't know was there.

MARGARET (*in dismay*): Phil!

PHILLIP: I haven't lost my ideals, but I see that money is needed to carry them out. Money is needed to help the poor. Money is needed to make you happy.

MARGARET (*shaking her head*): I don't want money.

PHILLIP (*with decision*): Well, I do. (*Pause*) I'm going to have it. (*Pause*) And that means an active business life.

MARGARET: You'll give up your diving?

PHILLIP (*nodding "yes"*): Diving's no career anyhow.

(*Surprise from Margaret.*)

MARGARET: You've decided all this without telling me?

PHILLIP: I'm telling you now: We can talk it over together.

MARGARET: Oh, my poor boy.

PHILLIP: Why do you say that?

PENELOPE (MARIE TEMPEST) AND DR. O'FARRELL (GRAHAM BROWNE) IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S NEW COMEDY "PENELOPE"

This new comedy by the author of "Jack Straw" was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, on January 29 last. The story deals with a flirtatious West End physician who neglects his wife, Penelope, to pay attention to his attractive women patients. The complications deal with Penelope's maneuvers to retain her husband and win him back to the fireside. The above picture shows Penelope, in answer to a tirade from her husband against her extravagance, explaining that she can only console herself for his mysterious absences by ordering new hats

Moffett, Chicago

THE MOST RECENT PORTRAIT OF MARIE DORO

This popular young actress is now appearing at the Criterion Theatre in "The Richest Girl," a farce by Paul Gavault and Michael Morton

MARGARET: Because—— (*She remains silent for several seconds, then she rises and goes to the left of the table.*)

(*She starts to speak severely, but checks herself and becomes appealing again, as if she would give him a last chance.*)

Phil, there's an immediate thing to do before we settle this. I promised Emmy I would see about little Benny's funeral. Will you come with me?

PHILLIP (*hesitating*): Why—er—I don't see how I can.

MARGARET: But it's such a pitiful case!

PHILLIP: I'll be glad to give money, but——

MARGARET (*in a burst of displeasure*): Money! It's all money now! You've always said the only way to help the poor was to love them. Why don't you do it?

PHILLIP (*impatiently*): Yes, yes, but—there's a strike of bakers on with serious interests at stake.

MARGARET (*angrily*): I *hate* your serious interests and your bakeshops, and all of it. (*She changes to pleading tones*) Phil, leave this business scheming.

PHILLIP: I want to do everything I can to please you, I'll work for you, I'll protect you, I'll love you, but— (*firmly*) Margaret, it's the man who must decide business matters, and—*I've decided this.*

MARGARET (*with a wistful smile*): Yes, Phil, you have decided more than you know: Wait.

(*She moves toward private office. Phillip follows her.*)

PHILLIP (*Margaret goes to right to door*): What are you going to do?

MARGARET: I'm going to call Mr. Haggleton. (*Opening door.*)

PHILLIP: You know who he is?

MARGARET: Yes, I know. May I speak to you, Mr. Haggleton? Will you come, too, Mr. Gentle. . . . Yes, please. Oh, believe me, dear, this is the most serious moment of our lives.

PHILLIP: They have nothing to do with this.

MARGARET: They have everything to do with this.

(*Enter Haggleton and Gentle. All sit down. Haggleton, Gentle and Phillip turn uneasily from Margaret to one another, and then look inquiringly at Margaret.*)

MARGARET: Phillip—for the last time, choose between him and me.

(*Phillip looks from Margaret to Haggleton. Sits left of desk.*)

GENTLE (*half to himself*): The fight is on!

PHILLIP (*to Gentle*): What fight?

MARGARET (*earnestly to Phillip*): The fight for you—the fight between your better and your baser nature. I want you to speak out, Phil, right from your soul, and say what you think of—of his life.

(*She points to Haggleton.*)

PHILLIP (*impatient*): What has his life to do with us?

MARGARET (*earnestly*): More than you dream of, Phil! Trust me. Do what I say—if you love me. Tell Mr. Haggleton whether you approve of him.

PHILLIP: He knows—I like him.

MARGARET: Of his business methods.

PHILLIP: If you put it that way, why—I don't.

MARGARET (*triumphant*): Ah!

HAGGLETON (*to Phillip—sits*): What is it you don't like?

PHILLIP: You know what. Every schoolboy knows—it's the old thing, monopoly and bribery—and—rebates and—why go into this?

MARGARET: Go on!

PHILLIP: You know very well that you and a dozen other men practically own this Republic.

GENTLE: That's true.

HAGGLETON: No!

PHILLIP: Don't you control prices? Don't you force people to pay what you like for public necessities?

HAGGLETON: Listen to me. No big work has ever been done in this world without leaders, and when a man delivers the goods he's entitled to the reward. Well, we've delivered the goods in this country. (*Pause.*) Go over to Europe and ask what they think of the United States. They'll tell you it's the greatest nation on earth—and it is. Why is it? Because the men you call robbers and grafters have organized things, railroads, industries, telephones, banks, everything.

GENTLE: You've organized things for yourself—you've broken the law.

MARGARET: You haven't been honest.

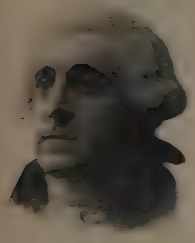
HAGGLETON: Honest? We've kept to the standard of average honesty in this country, and no man can succeed in business who keeps above it. The faults of America's industrial leaders are the faults of the American people.

Margaret tells Phillip that she refuses to marry him because Mr. Haggleton is his father. Moran, who is another of the financier's victims, now bursts in and attempts to shoot him, but Phillip receives the bullet instead. This tragedy brings father and son together, and in the last act Haggleton wins Margaret over by offering to apply ten millions to the amelioration of suffering and unequal conditions. He asks the theorists of his little circle how the problem of using the money shall be solved. Proposition after proposition is rejected. He then takes some blue prints from his desk, spreads them on the table and says: "I have worked it all out. It is this way"—the final curtain falling as he begins to trace with his finger.

Photo Byron

MILDRED HOLLAND IN "A ROYAL DIVORCE," SEEN RECENTLY AT THE YORKVILLE THEATRE

Joseph Kilgour—a Stock Broker Who Became an Actor



MR. KILGOUR
As Washington

IN the wheat pit in Chicago they used to call him "Handsome Joe." The other brokers, whom he jostled and who jostled him in that Inferno of howling humans, gave him the nickname. It was not inapplicable then. is not inapplicable now, though the matinée girls succeeded the brokers at the next chrustening and gave him a sriter and longer title. "The later Chesterfield" is his newer title, bestowed by the flutterers of fans and consumers of chocolate creams. That term, too, is a fit one for a summary of Joseph Kilgour, who originated the rôle of Brockton in "The Easiest Way."

Joseph Kilgour is of majestic stature, majestic enough, indeed, to enable him to portray that great republican, George Washington, to the pleasure of all the hero worshippers of that first American hero who were of the audiences of "Captain Barrington." In one of those audiences was a fellow-artist, John Mason, who wrote to the man who represented the master of Mount Vernon:

"I dreaded seeing Washington on the stage," he afterward wrote to Mr. Kilgour. "You see, he had been my boyhood hero, and as a man I worshipped him. I thought it would shock and repel me to see him make a stage entrance. But when you appeared as Washington my eye was satisfied. Afterwards my mind was satisfied."

The superb height, the native grace and dignity and noble features of the actor lent themselves admirably to the portrayal of the character of George Washington. Everywhere the critics declared it a perfect presentment. For Joseph Kilgour at least it was regrettable that "Captain Barrington's" life was brief.

The life of the man who created [illegible], and who dared to bring George Washington from the eternal shadows and vitalize his memory, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. The first was a boyhood begun in Canada, continued in travels in the British Isles and in India, with intervals at boys' schools and much cricket and rowing and other hardy sports.

It was the rowing which led more or less directly into the third part. But of that later. We must not omit the second, which is concerned with his career as broker.

He was a very young, very stalwart, very active broker. They said he could clear the huge Inferno of the Chicago wheat pit at two bounds. Once, while he was still in his sunny twenties, his broker friends and foes varied the title of "Handsome Joe." They called him "The Boy Wonder." For he organized a bear raid on Chicago gas that made grim, year-hardened faces on Wall Street pale. It was the Chesterfieldian aspect of him that brought about the raid. Mr. Kilgour's margin clerk complained that one of the firm's best customers was behind in his margins.

"Shall I write or telephone him?" inquired the clerk.

"No," was the reply. "I will see him myself."

Mr. Kilgour hurried to the courtroom where his client, a prominent lawyer was pleading an important case. He met the lawyer as he was coming out of court.

"Have you heard of the decision against Chicago gas?" asked the customer.

"No," replied the broker.

"Judge Blank has just handed down his decision, reversing"—and a complicated explanation followed, an explanation which the young broker, for once un-Chesterfieldian, interrupted. Hurrying back to the pit he sold Chicago gas, sold and sold and sold, until a cold-eyed, gray-bearded old broker whispered to him, "Do you know?" "Yes," answered Broker Kilgour. "Let's keep it to ourselves," at which the old broker nodded. "I'll agree not to telegraph the Street for a half hour." "Handsome Joe" nodded and went on selling.

When the smoke had lifted and the pit was cleared of its financial dead Joe Kilgour and his partner counted their gains. They amounted to a fortune. The wealth thus gained was the foundation of what might have become one of the colossal fortunes of this country, but—there are so many depressing "buts" in the setting forth of the

JOSEPH KILGOUR
Now playing Brockton in "The Easiest Way"

GRACE GEORGE IN "A WOMAN'S WAY"

events of any life!—unfortunately "Handsome Joe" had a partner, and, still more unfortunately, that partner was stricken by circular insanity. While Joseph Kilgour was enjoying a week's shooting in Wisconsin, his partner, emulating his absent partner, organized another coup, one which placed him in the insane asylum and made his partner a bankrupt.

"That was a bad year." Mr. Kilgour shakes his head in recollection of it. "The panic of 1893 followed. There was no chance for a moneyless man in the pit."

What should he do? Rather should it be phrased in that time of exigency, what could he do? He bethought himself of the days when, at eighteen, he pulled such a good stroke that they elected him a member of the Farragut Oarsman's Club. And in this wise it was that athletics bridged his way over the gulf of emergency. For the Farragut Club had an amateur theatrical society and the club gave amateur entertainments. In these "Handsome Joe" had participated and had pleased his audiences, especially the feminine portion of them. Also he had acquired a certain familiarity with the stage. To it he turned now in his extremity. He must live, therefore he must try to act.

He went out with a company called, in ironic application to his situation, "The Last Stroke." He played for a season, receiving thirty-five dollars a week. The next year he was elected treasurer of the Trocadero Amusement Company in Chicago. He played a few rôles in the Trocadero Company. At the end of the year he returned to the wheat pit. Coming back to the stage, he espoused it for all time. It was an "Until death do us part" alliance.

He saw service in several stock organizations, among them the Alcazar in San Francisco. He played Captain Hodgman in "Arizona" in London and was Charles I to Miss Henrietta Crosman's "Mistress Nell," also her Orlando in "As You Like It."

He headed his own company in a tour through the South in repertoire, and had but just returned from a tour in which he played the title rôle in "The Devil," when he began rehearsals of Brockton, the picturesque villain whose creation is one of the chief pillars of the structure "The Easiest Way."

"Brockton wasn't a very bad fellow," said his creator, the playwright. "He was fond of the girl, a good deal fonder than he let her know. And he was fair in his dealings with men."

"Was the compact about the girl between the two men reasonable? Would it bear the test of life?"

"Yes, I believe men might make such an arrangement. Brockton thought he was out of it. The girl had told him so. There was nothing to be done except to withdraw from the scene. But he knew her type and he liked the young fellow, so warned him of what he might expect."

"Do you think men form such sudden friendships?"

"Yes, I have formed on-the-instant friendships myself. Brockton was a man. He is a broker. I have been a broker myself. They are not temperamental fellows, and, if they are, soon lose their temperament in dealing with others who have none. Temperament seems to me to be only an excuse. When an actor runs amuck, goes crazy as a certain star I have in mind does, he says he is suffering from temperament. A chap like Brockton has all that taken out of him early. He was a man and he recognized that Madison was a man. He determined to be fair with him, and he was."

"Did you have any pattern for Brockton, any man you have ever known?"

"No, I only thought what sort of a man he was, and what such a man would do and how he would do it. For instance, when I walk between Laura Murdock and John Madison, hang up my coat and go over and take a chair, I—that is, Brockton—am not afraid. I know he won't shoot. My own experience has taught me that. I have traveled and know men. I took a cocked gun away from a 'bad man' in Texas. I knew he wouldn't shoot. I wanted to prove to him that he wouldn't." ADA PATTERSON.

Scenes in Grace George's New Comedy "A Woman's Way"

White Frank Worthing

ACT I. HOWARD STANTON SEES THAT THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE GOT HOLD OF THE SCANDAL

Dorothy Tennant Charles Stanley Grace George Frank Worthing Jewel Power

ACT III, MRS. STANTON'S DINNER TO HER RIVALS

Scenes in the production at Dresden of Richard Strauss' new opera "Electra." The picture at the extreme left shows Electra (Frau Krull) and Aegisthus (Herr Sembach), the center one Electra and Chrysothemis (Fl. Siems), the third the meeting of Electra and Orestes (Herr Perron)

Strauss' New Opera "Electra" Takes Germany by Storm

RICHARD STRAUSS' new opera "Electra" is the sensation of the hour in Germany. Produced first in Dresden with tremendous *éclat,* it was repeated shortly afterwards at the Royal Opera in Berlin and, according to a cable despatch, such a riot of musical thunder was never before perpetrated within the walls of the Kaiser's theatre. The audience was bewildered and benumbed.

Oscar Hammerstein, who has secured the rights for the opera for America is reported to have paid $5,000 as a preliminary guarantee for thirty performances of the work, and has pledged to the composer $18,330 in royalties for these thirty performances.

An interesting account of the new opera is given by the Dresden correspondent of the London *Times.* "Strauss' choice of Herr von Hofmannstahl's one-act tragedy as his text," he says, "was most natural and appropriate. The poet had accomplished the remarkable feat of creating a new and thoroughly modern drama of great strength and beauty out of materials which had been utilized to the full by the greatest dramatists of antiquity. English playgoers have recently had the opportunity of seeing an English presentation of the play by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, a beautiful performance, but one which, owing partly to the change of language and partly to the personal characteristics of the actress, sacrificed something of the almost brutal strength and directness of the original.

DR. RICHARD STRAUSS
Composer of "Electra," from his latest photograph

"The most striking feature is the character of Electra herself, a woman unsexed by sorrow, a prey to the most furious passion of revenge, and maddened by her inability to gratify it. She is described as a wildcat by the handmaids, who spurn her, and by her mother as a puff adder. She herself, in the most terrible of her speeches, says that she has borne all the pangs of childbirth, but has brought nothing into the world. She holds the stage practically from the first moment to the last. In contrast to her is her sister, Chrysothemis, a far stronger character than her Greek prototype, but a woman and not a fury. Clytemnestra is depicted as an enfeebled and frightened old woman, hung all over with armlets and talismans. The very kernel of the drama is formed by a scene based on what is known as 'tragic irony,' which seems to me never to have been surpassed in its own way, and in which Electra describes to her mother the latter's impending murder under the guise of a sacrifice to propitiate the gods of sleep, whom she has called upon in vain.

"At the climax of the scene her attendants whisper to Clytemnestra the news of the supposed death of Orestes. Clytemnestra goes within, and Electra, recovering instantly from the blow, calls upon Chrysothemis to aid her to do the deed which Orestes should have done. In furious haste she delves beneath the wall of the palace for the axe with which Agamemnon was slain and, turning, sees Orestes, still disguised, who is watching her. The scene of recognition is far different from that with which the Greek dramatists have made us familiar, but it is even more powerful and pitiful. The Paedagogus enters, and Orestes and he go within to complete their task. The cries of Clytemnestra are heard, mingled with Electra's fiendish cries of encouragement. Then at last Aegisthus comes on to the stage, and Electra bears the torch before him to the house of death. Twice we see his terrified face at the window before he is dragged down, and Electra advances toward the front in what the author calls a 'nameless dance' as the curtain falls."

So much for the subject of the book. The chief interest in the production, however, centers in the music. The writer for the *Times* thinks that the work possesses a tragical monotony which injures its musical effect. He goes on to say: "The only instances in which the passionate intensity of Electra is softened for a moment in the original are in the endearments which she addresses to Chrysothemis and Orestes. Herr Strauss, or

more probably, Herr von Hofmannsthal at his request, has added to these in a very striking manner, to which allusion will be made later. Apart from this, and with some omissions and unimportant transpositions, the music follows the play exactly. After the chattering chorus of maids, which begins the work by way of prelude, Electra sings her invocation to Agamemnon, which I have no hesitation in saying must be the finest piece of dramatic music since Wagner.

"Its conclusion, based on the strong dance rhythm which is employed at the end of the work, is wonderfully powerful, and, speaking for myself, I have scarcely ever been so much moved by any music. The composer seems to be aware of its superior merit, as he has published it at once as a separate number. I cannot imagine how it could be better sung than by Frau Krull, who here and throughout looked, and was, the ideal Electra. Some critics object to her short stature. They probably think the part demands a tragedy queen, but this is not the ancient Electra. It is Chrysothemis who has the strength; Electra has nothing but the spirit. The next scene, between Electra and Chrysothemis, as well as the later one between the same characters, struck me as too long, but both of them were adorned by the exquisite singing of Fräulein Siems. This artist, I understand, has been mainly known as a coloratura singer. If this be so, her delivery of Strauss' dramatic and sometimes unvocal music was nothing less than wonderful. Then follows the great scene between Electra and Clytemnestra.

"It is introduced by an extraordinary Zwischenspiel, representing the passing of the priests and the sacrificial animals, noisy in the extreme, but tremendously appropriate. Frau Schumann-Heink cannot, of course, succeed in looking either enfeebled or superstitious; but what she lacked in suitable appearance she made up by her remarkable use of tone color, and here, too, Strauss seems to have succeeded better than he has ever done in fitting the notes absolutely to the sense of the words. No one who heard her sing the passage beginning 'Wer älter wird, der träumt' will, I am sure, ever forget it.

"There follows an orchestral passage intended to depict the transition from Electra's imagined triumph to that of Clytemnestra. It fails of its effect because the themes connected with Electra and Clytemnestra are not sufficiently distinctive to enable them to be clearly distinguished in the deluge of sound.

"I have already mentioned the following scene between the two sisters. It begins powerfully, but is too prolonged. There is much beautiful music in it, however, and Electra's endearments are somewhat reminiscent of Salome's, and, like hers, are entirely unilateral. The furious music which accompanies the disinterring of the axe is followed by the appearance of Orestes to solemn strains which remind us of those attached to Jokanaan. But the whole of this scene is fine, and it contains some beautiful music attached to words which do not occur in the original drama. As though in order to set them off, these are preceded by a short intermezzo of really dreadful cacophony. Since the occasion was a joyful one, I cannot at present understand why Strauss employed this method of informing us of the fact. The question of the use of mere noise as a musical instrument cannot be entered upon here; but, when it is discussed, this passage and the procession of priests and beasts, to which I have already referred, may be used as illustrations of its illegitimate and its legitimate use, respectively."

Richard Strauss is making so much money with his operas that he is likely to become the richest composer who ever lived. "Every note he writes," says the Berlin correspondent of the New York *World*, "is well paid for and the copyright carefully guarded. His leading works, 'Feuersnot,' the 'Sinfonia Domestica,' 'Salome' and 'Electra' are sources of large income. For 'Salome' he gets a substantial royalty. In the first years of 'Salome's' struggle for a place on the stage, Strauss got only about $7,500 a year. Now the royalties amount to nearly $20,000 a year, and this income is certain to increase."

HOW THEY BUILD PLAYHOUSES IN EUROPE—THE NATIONAL THEATRE AT SOFIA, BULGARIA

The Teatro Nationale at Sofia is one of the most beautiful playhouses in the world. It is a massive stone structure, the façade of which is supported by six huge Doric columns over which is a *bas relief* representing a scene in Greek history, while on either side of the entrance is a square built tower, surmounted by heroic sized groups of bronze statuary. The auditorium is roofed by an immense dome and is beautifully decorated, the floor being covered with modern opera chairs with two tiers of boxes. Performances are given during the season by different organizations, a local native company and visiting players from the North. Modern comedies and classics comprise the repertoire

Rotary Photo
MAUD ALLAN

Steinberg
LA SYLPHE

Byron
OLIVE FREMSTADT

Bangs
GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

White
JULIA MARLOWE

All Sorts and Kinds of Salomes

SALOMANIA is not a new craze. Mary Garden, who is now impersonating the Daughter of Herodias in Strauss' vivid music drama at the Manhattan Opera House, is only the descendant of a long line of scantily-clad Salomes that have cropped up from time to time during the last two thousand years.

Medieval legend depicts Salome blown upon by the Mighty Breath for having caused the Prophet's death by her dancing, and by way of punishment being whirled into space, where she is doomed to dance and whirl forever. Thus Salome joined the "furious host," a roaming band of banished spirits which haunted medieval Europe with their restlessness. Berchard of Worms reports with twelfth century gravity that fully one-third of the whole world worshipped her. We still seek her shrine, but we do not always worship.

Salome, as we know her to-day, has evolved gradually from the brief accounts given of her in the Bible, and she has inspired poets, painters, dancers, dramatists and composers. The subject "Salome Dancing" has appealed particularly to artists of all ages, from the fourteenth century manuscript which reveals her "vaulting before Herod" on her hands, to several pictures by the old masters.

The numerous versions of the story are conflicting. Some, based upon the meager Biblical account, are historical, while others follow the Oscar Wilde dramatic poem, vivid in the color of its word-painting and unpleasantly morbid in its imagination. Historically Salome was a "korasian," which in the Hebrew means "damsel," innocent of evil motive, but the victim of her wicked mother's revenge. She is terror-stricken at the sight of the head of John the Baptist, and remorseful. Renan in his "Life of Jesus" suggests the interpolated love of Salome for the Prophet, and in Flaubert's "Herodias" the motive is further emphasized. Sudermann's "Johannes" deals with this theme more gently, while in Wilde's version Salome is imbued with a revoltingly morbid motive for her crime — sexual passion for John the Baptist.

Some fifteen years ago, Sarah Bernhardt presented the Wilde drama at the Palace Theatre in London, but the censor prohibited it after the first performance. Oscar Wilde later tried to sell her the drama, which she refused.

EVA TANGUAY

LAURA GUERITE

LOTTA FAUST

Scenes in a Play which Has Startled All England

Myrtle Villa, defended by inefficient volunteers, being knocked about the ears of the Brown family

IN the whole history of the stage, says an English writer, it is improbable that any one play has caused such a sensation as "An Englishman's Home," produced recently at Wyndham's Theatre, London. It is seriously suggested that this piece should be financed by the State and performed by companies all over the country in order to prepare public opinion for Conscription. The drama seeks to prove that it is high time that England wake up to the dangers of possible invasion, and it presents her Volunteer Army as absolutely inefficient, without the most rudimental knowledge of warfare and improperly equipped. The author is Major Guy du Maurier, son of the author of "Trilby." The action takes place at Myrtle Villa, a small suburban house in Essex. The characters comprise Mr. Brown, a typical Englishman who is always prating about an Englishman's home being his castle, and spends his time playing diabolo, two foolish daughters who are incapable of binding up a wound properly, a son Reggie who is either writing limericks or taking part in other useless competitions, a vulgar cockney bounder, who has not a thought in life beyond ball games, and a fussy, ignorant, deaf captain of Volunteers and his inane lieutenant. Suddenly the troops of the Empress of the North swoop down on the coast, headed by the Prince of Yoland, a grim-visaged soldier with peremptory manner. Myrtle Villa is attacked, and the Volunteers, headed by the foolish Captain Finch, try to defend it. The bullets begin to fly, and the cockney bounder, who is standing on the table to watch the "fun," is the first to be shot down. Mr. Brown, infuriated, picks up a rifle and, after painfully learning to fire it, is captured as a civilian fighting in defiance of the regulations of warfare and is sent out to be executed. Finally the English troops come to the rescue. Charles Frohman has the American rights to the play and is now presenting it at the Criterion Theatre, this city, with a cast of English players.

Left alone Mr. Brown takes defense into his own hands. With ruin all around him he seizes a rifle and fires frantically out of the window

Mr. Brown is ordered to be shot and goes bravely to his death, to the salutes of the officers of the Empress of the North

Photos Brady EVELYN VAUGHAN
Leading woman with the Alcazar Stock Company, San Francisco

LOUISE ALEXANDER
Seen in the Underworld Dance in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge"

EILLEEN KEARNEY
Now appearing in "Havana" at the Casino Theatre, New York

Since that time the censorship of London has become less strict, since it was at the Palace Theatre that Maud Allan, with her wondrous grace and her bare feet, trod upon British conservatism and captured the metropolis by the phenomenal success of her dance, "The Vision of Salome."

In France the Wilde drama was suppressed; but in Germany, from the first, this latter-day revival of the Salome cult has found support. Lili Marbourg appeared as Salome in the Dresden production of the Wilde play several year ago with great success. In America, Mercedes Leigh gave the play for the first time at the Berkeley Lyceum.

Julia Marlowe appeared in New York as Salome in Sudermann's poetic drama, "John the Baptist," and simultaneously Mme. Fremstad was seen as Wilde's Salome to the accompaniment of Richard Strauss' music at the Metropolitan Opera House. Further performances of the morbid Strauss opera were promptly forbidden by the Metropolitan's board of directors. This suppression acted naturally as a tremendous advertisement, and soon the American stage was invaded by all sorts and descriptions of Salomes.

THE HISTORIC SALOME
As painted by Leonardo da Vinci, showing the modesty of costume

The Outlook patted New York on the head for being good, in the following words: "It is to the credit of New York that the usual cant has not been heard in this case, and that an instinct sound alike in morals and in art has expressed itself not only promptly but efficiently." But New York did not stay "good." Instead, it welcomed the "furious host" of Salomes which quickly followed with open arms.

There have been many criticisms of the Salome dancers. They have been denounced as morbid and vulgar in their interpretations, and yet the public has flocked to see them. It should not be forgotten that the essential part of every performance is the audience. Without the audience there would be no dance at all. The managers have only provided what they saw there was a demand for.

Two years ago Salome, Venus-like, rose to the surface of things dramatic, and she is still on the crest of the wave. Last fall there was hardly a theatre or vaudeville house in this country which did not harbor a Salome dancer, male or female, from a one-week engagement to a three-month headliner. The American girl, Maud Allan, may be said to have been the pioneer of the present revival. Astonishing success attended her public appearances in Berlin, sensational features of her performance being bare feet and more than scanty attire. Breathless cable reports declared that literally she wore nothing but smiles and a few glass beads. Miss Allan went to London and repeated her triumphs. The theatre was so crowded every night that seats were unobtainable for love or money, and cabinet ministers fell over each other in paying her honor. All this enthusiasm because a comely young person, who danced passably well, had the courage to exhibit her undraped curves in the full glare of the footlights. As a money-maker the show was a distinct success, and Miss Allan found speedy imitators in America.

Gertrude Hoffmann appeared in imitations of Maud Allan at Hammerstein's Roof Garden with great success. La Sylphe, who claims priority over Maud Allan in the costuming and arrangement of the dance, was, in fact, the first to appear as Salome in this country. Her dance follows very close to the Biblical story, her interpretation being contortion dancing, which she claims is the true Oriental method. Eva Tanguay, who danced at various vaudeville houses in New York, appeared in the most daring undress ever seen on the stage. She followed the simple Bible account, and emphasized the

sprightly youthfulness of the girlish Salome, entirely free from morbidness of motive. Lotta Faust, seen in "The Mimic World" at the Casino, portrayed Wilde's description of Salome, "A shadow of a white rose in a mirror of silver." Laura Guerite, who succeeded her, gave a sumptuous characterization, and was called the "Spotlight Salome." It would be difficult to mention all the Salomes who courted public favor, for their name is legion. It were better to toast them all, so that none may be left out, not even the innocuous Salome of Huber's Museum, whose Dance of the Seven Veils could not be questioned as to modesty, nor that dusky shade of Salome, Ada Overton Walker, who flitted for a season through "Bandanna Land."

As to the costumes worn by the various Salome dancers, there is little to fear on the moral ground. Through a natural law, this minimum of drapery will be found harmless in its effect upon public morals, for where the charm of mystery is dispelled, satiety and indifference result. There was an old colored woman at one of the most historic medicinal springs in the South, who had served a term of thirty odd years as bath attendant to fashionable beauty. "Aunt Fannie," as she was familiarly called, was attending a timid slip of a girl who made a desperate grab for the falling sheet. "Lor', honey," said the old attendant, "don't yo' mind me! Nekkedness ain't no pleasure to me!"

Dr. Otto Nietzel, the well-known critic, throws the responsibility for the dance upon America, saying that the Dance of the Seven Veils is nothing but the "danse du ventre," first made popular at the World's Fair, on the Midway. It was about four years ago that Richard Strauss, inspired by the dramatic story of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," with its strong appeal to erotic pathology, clothed it in his alluring and decadent music. This music is said to be written one-half tone off, in order to emphasize its emotional effect.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the actual dancing was done by a ballet dancer, the substitution of dancer and singer being cleverly effected during the progress of the opera. Mary Garden is the first operatic singer to attempt the dance herself, thereby providing an operatic sensation and creating an unprecedented demand for seats.

HARRIET E. COFFIN.

To Mrs. Fiske in "Salvation Nell"

By ANNE PEACOCK

Mistress of self, as mistress of her art,
Interpreting the life we know to-day,
With tawdry, tinsel tricks she has no part,
Revealing nature rather than the play.
Where intellect is mated with the heart,
And sentiment is tempered with a smile,
We see the modern woman's modern guile,
That mingles Winter's snows with flowers of May.

The sparkling laugh, the subtly barbéd word,
The glance that speaks, the hands that tell a tale,
And last, the tears from out a heart that erred
(The human touch mid Satire's laughing gale)
Paint in, as with a brush, the perfect whole—
And lo!—the picture of a woman's soul.

Adelina Patti Tells the Secret of Eternal Youth

THE eternal youth of Adelina Patti never fails to excite astonishment and admiration in those who, from time to time, are fortunate enough to run across this distinguished artist. In a French publication recently Patti herself gave some inkling of her secret. She says:

"Health is the natural state, and sickness, in nine cases out of ten, is the punishment for some imprudence or excess. Each time we become ill we waste a portion of our vigor. All convalescence exacts a great expenditure of the vital forces. It is a breach made upon our capital of life. Thus, it is important one should not become ill if it can be avoided.

"The best way to prevent sickness of all kinds is to live the simple life, which only foolish people find difficult. It is necessary to sleep eight hours out of the twenty-four. It is necessary to air well the apartments in which one sleeps or works. Very few people, even those who consider themselves thoroughly up-to-date in such matters, know how to air their rooms properly.

"My voice is invariably my first thought and greatest care, and yet, no matter how cold the weather I sleep with my window wide open. One should simplify as much as one can one's social duties. A life complicated is often a cause of much chagrin, and that is the greatest enemy to health and happiness.

"Make your home as joyous and as agreeable a place of reunion as the means at your disposal permits. Drink much water; one never drinks enough. Do not forget that alcohol is poison, and should really only be indulged in for medicinal purposes. Frugality, sobriety, daily exercise in the open air, these are the true secrets of preserving the health and beauty of both body and soul."

Adelina Maria Clorinda Patti was born at Madrid, February 19, 1843. She was, however, of Sicilian parentage, being the daughter of Salvatore Patti, a Sicilian. After a course of professional training under her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, she appeared in New York in 1859 (November 24th). She made her first appearance in London at the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, in the part of Amina in "La Sonnambula" in 1861, and at once became the prime favorite of the day.

ADELINA PATTI AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE
From a rare photograph taken forty-two years ago

In 1867 she achieved great success as Juliet in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." In May, 1868, she was married to the Marquis de Caux, from whom she was afterwards divorced. In 1870 she visited Russia, where she was received with enthusiasm and was decorated by Emperor Alexander, and was also made first singer at the Imperial Court. In 1886, she was married in Wales to Signor Nicolini, after which she again visited the United States, and was the leading attraction at the opening of the Chicago Auditorium.

On the death of Signor Nicolini, she married in 1889 Baron Cederström, and with him settled down to private life at Craig-y-Nos Castle in Wales.

In 1892 Patti made a tour of the United States with the idea of its being her farewell to the stage. That is seventeen years ago, and it did not prove to be a "farewell," for the eternally young Adelina Patti, up to this date, is still singing.

L. M. D.

Edmond Rostand's Farewell to Coquelin

THE funeral of Constant Coquelin, the great French comedian, took place on January 29 last in the grounds of the Retreat for Aged Players, which Coquelin himself founded at Pont-aux-Dames, near Paris. Some of the most illustrious men and women in France followed the famous comedian to his last resting place, Jean Coquelin, son of the actor, being chief mourner. It was generally believed that M. Rostand would not make an address, but to everybody's surprise he appeared on the steps overlooking the bier, and delivered a remarkable eulogy on his late interpreter, in the course of which he said that the rights of his new play "Chantecler" went to Jean Coquelin to do with as he wished. The poet's words of farewell to the actor were as follows:

M. LE BARGY
Who, it is said, will leave the Théâtre Français to play the leading rôle in "Chantecler"

"Ah! How keenly I regret today not being trained in the noble and cruel calling of journalism, so that at once when confronted by misfortune I might be able to find the words that are necessary. But I am capable only of being a broken-hearted friend, one who knows not how to discipline his sorrow. Besides, all those who are weeping here, and who know in what tragic circumstances I have seen snatched away the best of friends and the greatest of interpreters, understand that I would be unable to bid him too long a farewell.

"Yes, Coquelin was an artist of dazzling genius. At this moment, Molière and Beaumarchais are saying so to him. Hugo and de Banville are thanking him for having been *Don César de Bazan* and *Gringoire*. But what was still more marvelous than the art of his voice was the faith of his soul—the heroic conviction which Coquelin put into all his work. When from among our poor contemporary plays he selected one, he served it with enthusiasm. He could not tolerate that anyone should doubt it; he imposed it with passion. Who better than I know works which you admired too much, Coquelin, works which your splendid friendship refused to place at a safe enough distance from masterpieces? But I have no longer the courage to reproach you with that now. I feel sure that we shall never find again comedians whose one fault was that they admired too much what they had to say. "Ah! Brave friend that you were! Statesmen, the greatest of them, have loved you. Well I know why—because they were moved, charmed, dazzled, by all that you incessantly exacted from them—never for yourself, always for others — and at all the good and just things which your imperious and good-natured voice made them do. Those who wielded power loved you because they recognized, in all that you asked of them, your magnificent unselfishness.

Costume which will be worn by the actor playing "the cock" in "Chantecler"

"Ah! If this man were only living! He is there! Let him sleep in this beautiful garden. His old comedians guard him. And the poets have stretched beside him in the coffin more than one personage of their fancy which they now renounce ever seeing live again.

"Adieu, my friend! I shall not be consoled for your loss. The pages of the poem which I had given you, deeply moved to see you attach so high a price to them—these pages which you were still handling the morning of your death, and which you have done me the supreme honor of making your last joy—these pages are yours; they are yours, that is to say, they belong now to your son Jean. When, weeping, he finds them among your papers, he alone shall decide their destiny.

"Adieu, my friend to whom I owe so much! A few days ago, in that beautiful theatre to which you restored its splendor, I saw your young comrades rehearsing, grouping themselves round an empty space which was waiting for you. And towards that empty space, which changed mysteriously from place to place according to the progress of the action, towards that empty space which our imagination already filled with your dear and glorious silhouette, looks and lines intermingled. Now, the life of those who have loved you resembles this sad rehearsal: we move about, and there in the midst of us is an empty space to which we shall never cease to turn."

From *l'Illustration*

THE POET DELIVERING AN EULOGY BEFORE THE BIER OF THE COMEDIAN

Funeral of the late Constant Coquelin at Pont-aux-Dames, near Paris. Edmond Rostand delivering his farewell oration over the coffin of the interpreter of "Cyrano." The small white crosses in the picture show, 1st, the coffin containing the remains of Coquelin; 2d, Jean Coquelin, son of the comedian; 3d, M. Rostand standing uncovered on the steps, his written discourse in hand

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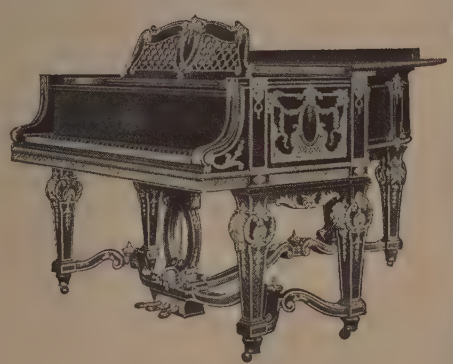

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Rehearsing Shakespeare

(*Continued from page 108*)

ground end might prove the undoing of the file in front. The cry to arms was again repeated, and a forest of spear heads waggled with enthusiasm. The French soldiers cheered with delight Philip's stirring demands in the cause of Arthur; the English contingent replied with lusty yells to John's spirited defiance; as he hurled it back. They laughed cheerily at Faulconbridge's insolent humor; they chuckled with delight at the discomfiture of the cowardly Austria. Two acts rose and fell, and with the exception of an occasional call for a little more ginger all went merry as the marriage bell. So far the mechanism of a Waterbury clock could not have excelled the precision of Mr. Keefer's well-drilled chorus. But after the burghers of Anjou appeared on their walls and very consistently replied that while they recognized the ethical claims of France and the legal demands of England, they preferred to await the practical outcome of a clash of arms; there was a brief interruption. The chief citizen had gotten his topography mixed, and the high chair from which he delivered his adjurations had to be shifted from the east to the south, and the whole thing done over again. Then came the diplomatic shift brought about by the betrothal of the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch. The burghers emerged from their fortressed retreat, leaving a line for the two kings to pass into the besieged city, but, oh horror! the crowd had surged in, and no triumphant passageway remained for France and England. An enthusiastic but ill-advised citizen had even dared to cross the way of royalty. It was then that Mr. Keefer lost his temper. How could they forget such an important detail? were they utterly deficient in gray matter? was labor to go in vain because common intelligence was at fault? etc., etc. No, back, and let pure histrionism show the mettle of its pasture. This repetition was a triumph.

Time was passing. It was quite 1:30. The third act was called. Queen Elinor was anxious to go to lunch; the Pope's legate had even fasted long enough, and several urged upon Mr. Keefer the pangs of despised hunger. Five minutes more and they could all go, he said, and so they did, but with the proviso that they would all promptly be on the stage of the Manhattan Opera House at 2:15. "Oh!" incidentally he added, "everyone in the New Amsterdam at 6 P. M. for a full-dress rehearsal. Curtain will go up at 8 sharp."

Moral—Artistic impulse and willing endeavor are the stepping stones to a smooth show.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.

Dramatic Wave in England

A noteworthy dramatic movement seems to be under way in villages and towns in England, says a London despatch to the New York *Times*. In a number of instances village folk, even country rustics, have taken in hand the production of a morality or Shakespearian play. The inspiration of the movement is probably to be found in the numerous pageants which have become the vogue.

The latest village to undertake a Shakespearian performance is Sompling, a Sussex hamlet. The children of the village schools had been giving Morris dances and concerts of old folk songs during the winter, and the farmers of the country round were so interested that, under the direction of the school mistress, they have prepared "Julius Cæsar," to be given in the near future. F. R. Benson, the Shakespearian actor-manager, this week witnessed a rehearsal and is enthusiastic over the keen dramatic instinct displayed by the impersonator of Mark Antony and the other leading performers.

The most interesting of all is a performance being given in the village of Hildensborough, Kent. This is an original folk play of such dignity and general merit that it is attracting visitors from London. The London *Times* gives the performance a critical notice. The Hildensborough players are now in their seventh season.

A Monument to Richard Mansfield

A bronze bust, to be paid for by public subscription, is to be erected to the memory of the late Richard Mansfield and will be placed in the foyer of the New Theatre, New York. The committee in charge of the memorial includes David Bispham, Paul D. Cravath, Edward A. Dithmar, John Drew, George J. Gould, Rutger Bleecker Jewett, Percy Mackaye, Orlando Rouland, Booth Tarkington, Spencer Trask, Eben D. Jordan, H. H. Kohlsaat, E. Francis Riggs, Richard Tobin, C. A. Severance, William C. Edgar.

At the Playhouse

(Continued from page 107)

The opera has its own novelties, of course. Cupid's telephone song, by the newspaper girlies, each with a telephone tube to the ear, was evidently pleasing to the highly intelligent audience. "Hello, People," was a very neat conceit and aroused considerable enthusiasm. One of Nix's songs in Havana was to "My Deutscher Girl." "Would You Like to Motor with Mater?" required the largest combination of voices during the evening, and met with warm approval. The opera is stage-managed and produced with all the resources required to make it glitter and please.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THIS WOMAN AND THIS MAN." Play in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced Feb. 22 with this cast:

Goddard Townsend, Frank Currier; Norris Townsend, Milton Sills; David Townsend, John Tansey; Hermann Johnson, Howard Kyle; Mrs. Ware, Eva Vincent; Thekla Muller, Carlotta Nillson.

A few years since in conjunction with Channing Pollock, Avery Hopwood wrote a play for Grace George called "Clothes," which pleased the public for a while on account of its well-told story and convincing technic. It is alone as an author that Mr. Hopwood now comes forward at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. His latest offering is entitled "This Woman and This Man," and purports to be a play of to-day in three acts. It serves to reintroduce Carlotta Nillson as a star in one of those rôles of repressed suffering with which her art has become too continuously familiar. The plot in brief is that a "forced marriage" may work out its happy solution through the innate paternal love inherent in every man. It is a good, strong theme which Mr. Hopwood has elected to expound, if not solve, and in view of the prevalent discussion on the divorce problem and its attendant wrongs on the children involved is not without contemporaneous value. But it cannot be said that the author's handling has that firm technical quality that goes toward the making of a big play. His exposition is bold and direct.

The story is strongly stated in a brief, forcible scene that places those in front in perfect contact with the premises. The entire first act is, in fact, thoroughly interesting and logical in that the characters are protected for the full worth of their several values. But the second act woefully falls off in both sequential interest and *cumulative* force. Herein is exploited that Thekla Muller has become the mother of a boy now six years old. She is working out their support as a school teacher. After a long and particularly irrelevant scene in which Hermann Johnson, a sort of David Harum character, played with great, if not convincing, care by Howard Kyle, dominates the scene; the husband appears, meets his child and persuades mother and son to come and live under his own roof. The conclusion is theatrically inevitable, if not based on principles of logic: the parents are brought together at what is distinctly a violence to the commonplace conditions. Frank Currier as the father of the husband who would sidestep his parental obligations, and Eva Vincent, in a minor rôle, are natural and pleasing. As Norris Townsend, the youthful father, Milton Sills advances a personality of masculine graciousness, marked by *gaucherie* of inexperience. Carlotta Nillson is the heroine who suffers. She plays with her customary restraint. If she never offends the limitations of discreet outward expression, there would still be those who might properly demand a little more humanity in both her outward and inward manifestations of grief. John Tansey, as the child, proves himself an artist. Precociously prominent, he never exceeds the limitations of the picture. The stage sets are admirable, and George Foster Platt, who staged the piece, deserves full credit for his share of the production.

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GARDEN. "MEYER & SON." Drama in three acts by Thomas Addison. Produced Mar. 11. Cast:

Nathan Meyer, William Humphrey; Max Meyer, Franklin Richie; Jacob Strauss, H. G. Carlton; Major Russell Gray, George C. Staley; Peter Mulvey, Charles Morrison; George Clarke, Richard Allen; Paul Gray, Kenneth Hill; Julian Armstrong, William C. Arnold; Doris Gray, Irene Moore; Jane Gray, Ethel Browning; Clarissa McBride, Henrietta Lee; Polly Bigelow, Marion Shirley; Ellen Carter, Kate Griffiths.

In utilizing as a dramatic subject the great racial clash between Jew and Gentile, Mr. Thomas Addison, a new aspirant for playwriting honors, as the author of "Meyer & Son" at the Garden Theatre, is first in the local field. He thus precedes studies on the same subject by J. Hartley Manners, "The Destiny of Birth," and Henri

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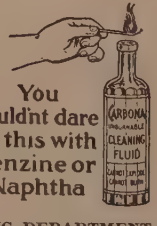

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Bernstein, whose "Israel" will first see metropolitan footlights next year with Holbrook Blinn in the principal rôle.

Mr. Addison, evidently a young man, has written a near-great play. It has scenes that for truth and observation of human nature are worthy of the highest praise. His capacity for sentient dialogue is obvious—he has a humorous instinct, but at times there is an unfortunate formalism about some of the speeches which smacks too much of the dogmatic and didactic. There are prominent faults in construction, too, but the faults are those of immaturity, and the weaknesses are only those where he resorts to theatrical convention. This is very manifest in the ending of Act II.

Nathan Meyer and Major Gray are political foes for the control of a telephone franchise. The former, an uncompromising follower of Judaism, has a son Max, who loves the Christian daughter of his rival. As the latter has a weak and dishonest brother, Max's struggles to protect him are misunderstood, while the question of differing faith complicates matters still more. The finale leaves the solution in doubt, as the son before offending his father's prejudices agrees to wait two years before taking Doris Gray as his wife.

William Humphrey as Nathan Meyer, albeit a trifle theatrical, nevertheless gives a very convincing picture of the stern father, and H. G. Carlton, as his old Jewish friend and fellow-worker, gives an admirable study of Hebraic formalism. Doris is neatly played by Irene Moore, and as her lame and self-sacrificing sister Ethel Browning is touching and artistic. An insistent manicure girl and a society reporter are briefly acted by Marion Shirley and Henrietta Lee. Franklin Richie plays the hero with earnestness, and Charles Morrison as a lobbyist is capital. But greater verisimilitude would be gained if the Christian rôles were played by Gentiles. Mr. Addison deserves more than commendation, for he promises some future real accomplishment.

CRITERION. "THE RICHEST GIRL." Play in four acts by Paul Gavault and Michael Morton. Produced March 1 with this cast:

Benjamine Monnier, Marie Doro; Mr. Monnier, Louis Massen; Paul Normand, Orrin Johnson; Felix Tarride, Frederic Eric; Mr. Mingasson, Frank Burbeck; Florise, Anne Meredith; Vicomte Gaston De Satturnac De Tourzac, Fred. Tiden; Rose, Ethel Morrey; Madame Bidelle, Elsa Maxwell; Pinglet, Harrison Carter; Toupet, George Gaul; Brisse, Harry Melick; Casimir, George K. Roland; Charles, Hollister Pratt.

It is only necessary to read between the lines to determine that the Gallic original of "The Richest Girl" had a naughty sparkling significance. Paul Gavault, the original author, writes in that strain. In view of the present craze of the purification of the stage, it is not surprising that its adapter, Mr. Michael Morton, has eliminated all that might be termed objectionable. Mr. Morton has done more than that. He has rendered into English as stale, flat, and unprofitable a farce as the local stage has suffered from in a decade. This piece, in four acts, which now holds the boards at the Criterion, is without exception footless, feeble and futile. Nor is its rendering a whit better than the material. A poor farce may be improved by spirited action. The treatment which "The Richest Girl" receives from the star would crush out the brilliancy from the most sparkling of comedies. The spoiled daughter of a chocolate millionaire intrudes through the agency of an automobile accident on the vacation of a departmental clerk and his friend. Her unconventional and inconvenient idiosyncrasies cause the clerk to lose not only his job but his fiancée as well. Of course, in the end the matter is righted, as the daughter of millions takes him as her husband. Not much to spread out over four acts, especially as the dialogue is about as inconsequential as an essay on the weather. There may be good reason why Miss Doro should be raised to stellar heights. It is unfortunate that she does not demonstrate them more forcibly in her impersonation of Benjamine Monnier. When one has youth and beauty, it is too bad to spoil them with an affectation that might even cause envy in Edna May. The program announces that Orrin Johnson is "specially engaged" to play Paul Normand the hero. Why, it would be difficult to discover. It was a colorless and heavy rendering which he gave of the rôle. Louis Massen and Frank Burbeck played fathers of the conventional kind, fillers and feeders, and Frederic Eric the hero's friend. Two characterizations presented with some of the sparkle needed in farce were contributed by Fred. Tiden as a French Vicomte, and Harrison Carter as a chauffeur.

HUDSON. "DISENGAGED." Comedy in three acts by Henry James. Produced March 11. Cast:

Sir Montagu Brisket, Bart., M.P., J. R. Crauford; Mrs. Wigmore, Louise Closser Hale; Lady Amy Brisket, Selene Johnson; Percy Trafford, Alfred Hickman; Captain Prime, Frank Gillmore; Blandina Wigmore, Renee Woodson; Mrs. Jasper, Dorothy Donnelly; Charles Coverley, Lumsden Hare; A Parlor Maid, Alma Poey.

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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

By virtue of an exceptionally long and prolific career, and the importance of his vast and varied literary output, anything that bears the name of Henry James is sure of a certain amount of respectful consideration to-day, even by folk not familiar with the work of this much-discussed novelist. On Thursday afternoon, March 11th, at the Hudson Theatre, a group of excellent players essayed his long-dormant comedy, "Disengaged," for the benefit of St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital. The selection of this work could scarcely be deemed sagacious from a box-office standpoint; but it at least provided a unique opportunity to savor Mr. James' dramatic skill.

Mr. James has, in this comedy, as in so many of his novels and tales, placed his action in England, the first two acts occurring at the country place of Sir Montagu Brisket, whose wife seems to be amusing herself in a mild way with Percy Trafford, while Sir Montagu apparently devotes a deal of time to Mrs. Jasper, supposedly a widow. Sir Montagu's sister, Mrs. Wigmore, has a colorless and docile daughter, Blandina, whom everybody seems to wish to marry off, but who seems to be desired by no one. The first act ends, however, with the success of a conspiracy to betroth her to Captain Prime, a refreshingly decent young man, who is greatly depressed when he realizes what has happened to him. The second act shows the affianced Captain chafing in his bonds, and eventually falling in love with Mrs. Jasper, who promptly reciprocates, though she seems, indeed, to be sought by all the men, married or single. By means of her influence over Percy Trafford, who, in the course of his relations with Lady Brisket, has placed himself in a highly awkward position, she induces Trafford to take poor little Blandina Wigmore off Captain Prime's hands, thus leaving the Captain free to marry her.

The comedy, while not calling into play the word "psychological," now so overworked in connection with Mr. James, is rather vague, and depends for effectiveness largely on skilful shades of speech, which were usually achieved. In the hands of players less happily selected, it would have been painfully flat, for the ordinary theatrical devices were strikingly absent. The production was admirably staged by Fritz Williams, and went with commendable lightness and celerity. It was followed very attentively by an audience of fair size.

Students in New Plays

At a matinée at the Empire Theatre on March 12 last the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts produced a four-act play by Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, entitled "The War of Souls." The author is the son of the celebrated preacher, Father Hyacinthe, whose church in Paris some fifteen years ago was too small for the crowds who flocked to hear him. The play seen at the Empire was an English version of the original French. It proved a strong drama, with several striking situations, and was received by the audience with every mark of favor. Carle B. Robbins acted well the rôle of a scientist, Louise Oatman appeared to advantage as the wife and Mary L. Crouse was charming and showed good technical training as the daughter.

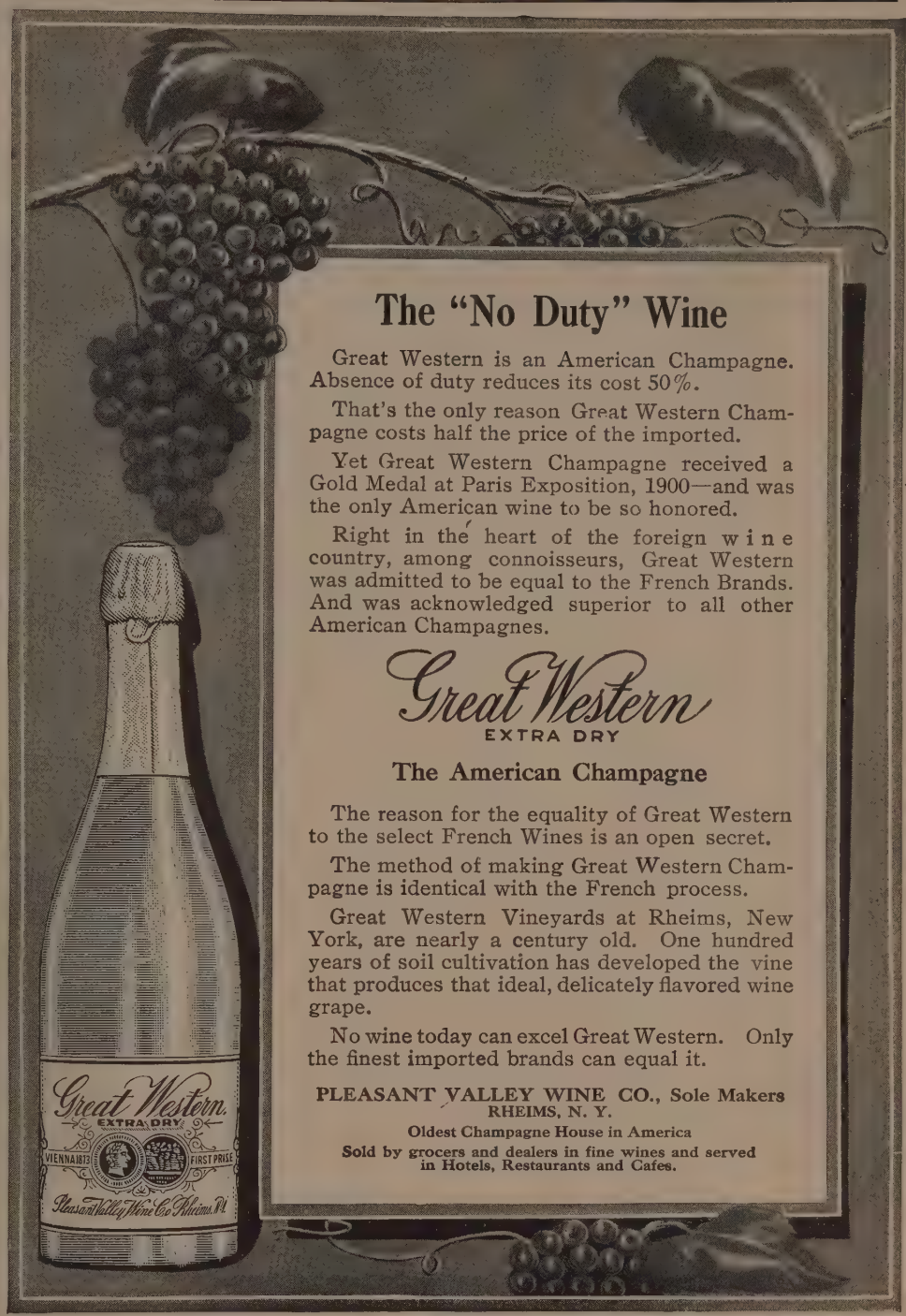
On Friday, February 26, the students of the same institution were seen in two plays. The first was a three-act drama translated from the German of Wilhelm Sharrelmann and J. Wegand, by Amelia von Ende, entitled "The Wages of War." The other was J. Palgrave Simpson's two-act play, "Court Cards." In the first piece, the scene of which is laid in Russia, Lovell Oldham was seen as an unhappy old widow and Donez Halstead attracted attention as a widowed daughter. David Manning did some tipsy scenes well.

Mr. Frohman to Give Classic Matinees

A theatrical experiment of special interest to students and true theatre lovers will be made next season by Charles Frohman. That manager announces a series of matinées of classic plays which will be given at the Criterion Theatre.

The plans are not yet completed in detail, but as at present arranged Maude Adams will appear as Viola, and Constance Collier as Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," John Drew will play Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." Miss Collier will appear as Nancy Sykes in "Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist," Otis Skinner will play Shylock with Miss Collier as Portia, and Ethel Barrymore will be seen in a fine production of "Electra." Productions of other classic plays will also be made during the season.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. Frohman will be encouraged to carry out this plan, for in these days of the commercial drama performances of the old plays are necessary as an education not only to the theatregoer, but to the actor as well. It is only by comparison with the best in the drama of the past that a standard of excellence can be maintained.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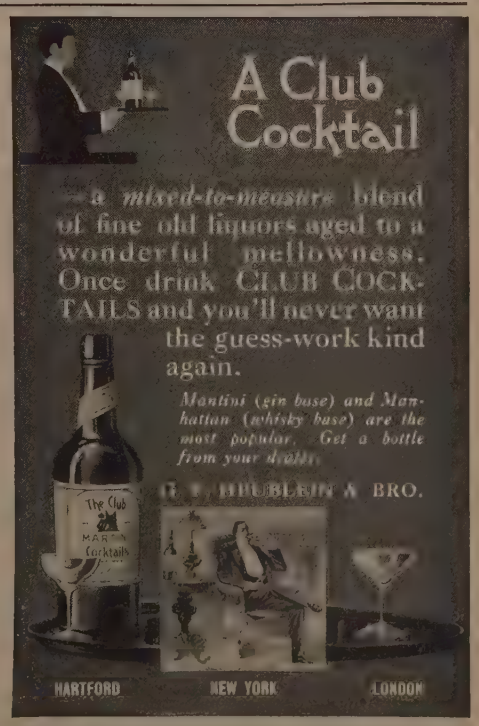
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New Dramatic Books

OTHER DAYS. Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage. By William Winter. Moffat, Yard & Company. New York. 1908.

The publishers very truly say that, "There is no living American whose reminiscences of distinguished men and women, particularly men and women of the stage, have greater interest than those of Mr. Winter. Nor is there any other who, even granting equal opportunity, could be expected to write with the intimacy, the discernment, the personal knowledge, the charm, or the power of this popular and distinguished poet and man of letters. Mr. Winter's place in life and art of his age is unique, and the records of his best years have, for a long time, been looked for with the greatest interest."

The value of Mr. Winter's criticisms of even the ephemeral current productions are unique and, with those passages of purely temporary interest eliminated, properly belong to the future student of the stage as well as to the theatregoer of today. This is a unique distinction among all critics. A few foreign critics have had their criticisms, in large measure, preserved in this way. The present book, however, may be perhaps reckoned as particularly valuable by reason of its being critical as to plays, but with opinions concentrated in not being given with reference to passing productions. The book has an index of 23 pages to its 363 pages of chronicles and memories. Mr. Winter discusses, in separate chapters, Joseph Jefferson, Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, E. A. Sothern, Mary Anderson, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, Lawrence Barrett and Adelaide Neilson. In addition to these chapters, the first chapter, entitled A Royal Line, contains a brief review of the American stage and its distinguished actors up to the time of the particular actors whom Mr. Winter describes and discusses so entertainingly. The closing chapter is made up of notes and addenda. The temptation to quote extensively from the book is great, for everything in it is so personal and authentic, and is written with such charm that every line is interesting and instructive.

It fairly can be said that Mr. Winter's style in this book has a simplicity that alone is convincing of his sincerity, and that it is freer from a certain ornateness and balancing of sentences which used to characterize his work, with occasional detriment to it. Indeed, when we consider Mr. Winter's present activity in his old age, we must marvel at his mental virility and clearness. It may be objected that he recognizes too little the significance of modern tendencies of thought and expression, giving scant favor to some of the most conspicuous dramatists and actors of the day, but this does not detract from the truth of all he says as to past performers. We can readily agree with him in much that he says about Ibsen and some of the modern tendencies, but we cannot accept in its fullness much of his biting reproach and satire. The book is a most remarkable and valuable contribution to the literature of the stage, and all of us must welcome this manifestation of Mr. Winter's virility and purity of thought. His influence for good will always endear him to the thoughtful.

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE. Recollections and Reflections by Ellen Terry. Doubleday, Page & Company. New York: 1909.

Without burdening her book with data of a perfunctory kind, Miss Ellen Terry gives us a simple and therefore exceedingly interesting recital of her life, of her personal relations with the people with whom she was brought into contact, and adds anecdotes and observations which constitute a contribution of value, because personal and original, to the history of what Sir Henry Irving did and stood for. She has done wisely in writing wholly from personal experience and her own point of view. She has left to other writers the task of filling out the record. The volume is frankly personal. It is dedicated to Edy, one of her children. She frankly discusses her marriage, as a romantic girl, with the celebrated painter, George Frederic Watts, discreetly speaks of her contentment and home life with him at first and then of their parting in a way that disposes of that part of her story so as to satisfy any generous mind. She met many distinguished people, but she does not attempt to give a complete list of them for the mere sake of parading the host of those who flattered her or served her. Thus she omits the names of

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many of those whom she met in America on her various tours.

It was obviously impossible for her to make her book a catalogue of the sort. She devotes twenty-one pages to the first of the eight tours in America, speaking always pleasantly and with gratitude of her experience. She was always on her guard against generalizing "about a country which embraces such extremes of climate as the sharp winds of Boston and New York and the warm winds of Florida which blow through palms and orange groves." In the very nature of the case, with such a multitude of reminiscences, she had to omit some of her most striking and unusual experiences. Thus, she says nothing of the visit made by Henry Irving and his company to West Point, when they played "The Merchant of Venice," without scenery and with an arrangement of curtains, before an enthusiastic audience of cadets. On her return to England a friend asked her if America was not a land of vulgarity. Her reply was, "Oh, yes, if you mean by that a wonderful land—a land of sunshine and life, of happiness and of faith in the future. I saw no misery or poverty there. Everyone looked happy. What hurts me on coming back to England is the hopeless look on so many faces. The dejection and apathy of people standing about in the streets. Of course, there is poverty in New York, but not among the Americans."

She discerned that there was always hope among the poor immigrants. The barrow man of to-day is a millionaire of to-morrow. She was surprised and gratified at the scholarly knowledge displayed in the criticisms. In a chapter of twenty-seven pages she records some of her likes and dislikes of America, but in no instance does she forfeit the affection which she gained from us. Her anecdotes of Tom Taylor are very interesting and confirm the universal record of his good-heartedness, his wisdom and his helpfulness to all who came in contact with him. He was frank and bluff and gave his advice accordingly. He once said to Ellen Terry, after hearing her talk butterflies with one of the greatest entomologists in Europe, "Don't be Nelly Know-all. He must have seen through you at once." She is very loyal to the memory of Henry Irving, but discriminates between his effectiveness in various parts. She defends his Hamlet. She quotes a saying of Irving, that "no worker has a right to criticise the work of another in the same field."

Miss Terry is equally considerate in her reminiscences, but the pleasant things which she says are not the less valuable criticism. At the same time she is entirely frank and truthful. She gives credit to Irving's qualities, but, as a matter of truth, she reveals the fact that Irving knew little or nothing of music, but that he always could choose unerringly at rehearsal what he wanted. Nor does she hesitate to say that she understood color schemes in scenery and costumes better than Irving. She just as readily admits that his judgment was better than hers in some cases. She had intended to wear black in the mad scene of Ophelia, and Irving intended her to wear white. Her account of how Irving managed to gain his point is amusing. Irving was very diplomatic. It took him two or three diplomatic days to make her see the absurdity of her position by contriving to get her to tell in the presence of certain stage managers and other experts of the dresses she intended to wear. Finally Lacy said, "My God! Madam, there must be only one black figure in this play, and that's Hamlet!" Irving and Ellen Terry had many little disagreements in small matters of acting and of "business." Her recital of them make her pages vibrate with life. Many interesting details are given of Henry Irving's method of study and rehearsal. The book is so rich in anecdotes and personal observations, all given with such entire simplicity and sincerity, that there is not a dull page in it. It does not pretend to give a complete history of all the Irving productions, but it has the merit of being as entertaining as it is valuable as a contribution of her points of view and experiences.

PHILOSOPHIE ET DRAME. Essai d'une Explication des Drames Wagneriens. By Gustave Robert. Plon Nourrit et Cie. Paris.

This is an exceedingly interesting contribution to the literature concerning Wagner and his work. This author gives us a close study of the genius of Wagner, beginning with his first public work, and interprets each opera with great discrimination. He gives much attention to the spiritual meaning of the dramatic part of the operas. The book cannot fail to be of interest to students of Wagner.

In no country but England, it is safe to assert, does the general public think so much about actors and so little about acting.—*Grand Mag., London.*

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Monthly Fashion Nuggets from New York and Paris

FEW gowns worthy of comment made their appearance on the metropolitan stage during the month. Fannie Ward, who had just arrived from London, might reasonably be supposed to have brought over some new ideas in matters sartorial since London is so near to Paris, that fount of new fashions. Clothes worn by the English, or American actresses, who have made a long stay in London, and who have come over here this winter, only go to emphasize the fact that to all intents and purposes New York is much nearer to Paris than is the English capital, despite the testimony of the geographies to the contrary. Two of Miss Ward's gowns made at a Bond Street shop were far and away better than the gown made by the much-advertised "Lucille." That is the trade name of the titled sister of the much-advertised Elinor Glyn. A year or so ago all London was talking about the remarkable costumes evolved by "Lucille," their great value seeming to lie in the fact that they expressed moods and sentiments. To judge from the mauve cloth and velvet example, "Lucille" has either tired of the game, or she is not living up to her reputation, and it must be acknowledged that there are a thousand and one dressmakers right here in New York who can turn out more distinctive gowns.

It certainly must have taken courage on Miss Ward's part to array herself in that black silk gown of the vintage of 1870. One cannot help wondering if the costumes we are now wearing will look so ridiculous forty years hence as that of forty years ago looks to-day. Surely we have progressed, and the long, straight lines and simple skirts must be nearer the artistic standard than the apron front overskirt and those bunched-up draperies of the back, which form a veritable example of the monstrous Grecian bend.

Evening gown of blue tulle, ornamented with bugles in several shades of blue. Corsage trimmed with silver, lace and mauve ribbon. Made by Badin of Paris

Grace George's gowns in "A Woman's Way" are a real treat. They are so simple in outline, so well cut, and altogether so admirable that they are beyond criticism. The first act gown is of white cloth made with the modified high waist line that is in accord with the new spring models. With this is worn a lace coat of the shape that is certain to be quite generally adopted during the approaching season, for I hear that lace coats are to be much worn this summer. Then there is a most becoming little Leghorn hat of a bright gold color trimmed with a white willow plume. By wearing this gold next her blonde hair Miss George has convinced me that the famous French chemist, who states that yellow will bring out all the gold in the hair, and who advocates it for the golden-haired woman, is more than correct in his statement, despite the fact that most blondes are sceptical on the subject. Miss George's dinner gown is a tunic of white net covered with crystal bugles and beads, and made over blush pink. The lines of the front and back panels are considerably broader than those we have been accustomed to—they are of the new season—and these panels are held together at the sides by means of broad straps.

Another beautiful stage gown, recently worn by Mme. Marise Fairy of the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, illustrates another form of tunic. The underdress is a stunning shade of yellow satin veiled by a long tunic of Grecian net, embroidered around the bottom and on the corsage with flower motifs worked in silk lace of several yellow shades. The yoke and sleeves are of tucked silver net.

A Parisian model that is an excellent example of the stole has recently been made by the Maison Zimmermann for a well-known society woman. This is of black cachemir de soie, with the wide panel front and back made of bugle jets studded with immense cabochons of cut jet. The corsage and cap sleeves are also ornamented with cut jet cabochons. Particular note should be taken of this cap sleeve with the long unlined undersleeve, as I am told this is the very latest idea, and one which is only just beginning to be talked about. Madame Zimmermann, the charming head of this establishment, sends me word that she will be glad to welcome any of the readers of the THEATRE who may be in Paris this summer, and I am sure that they will benefit by her excellent advice.

The spring styles are stunning to say the least, but will not be much in the nature of a surprise to the readers of the THEATRE, unless it be in the shapes of some of the new hats. At first glance, and while in the hand, these strike one as heavy and ugly; but when on the head they are all that is adorable. Even those close-fitting new mushrooms, which some liken to beehives, bowls, stovepipes, and other cumbersome but useful articles, are most becoming to the wearers, and lend an air of piquancy that is decidedly charming.

From the Riviera a friend writes me that all the women are wearing these big bowl-shaped hats that come well down over the head, even to the ears, and that the colors are all odd, dull shades, similar to those seen in antique silks and tapestries; that coats are still long, and skirts often short and frequently plaited, and that even before she left Paris the waistline, which we have all been wearing so high, showed a marked tendency to descend to the normal, for Cécile Sorel's latest stage gown at the Française was cut on classical princess lines with just a suspicion of looseness about

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Dinner costume of embroidered yellow net and satin, worn by Mme. Fairy of the Folies Dramatiques. Made by Laferrière of Paris, dressmaker to H. R. H. the Queen of England, and H. R. H. the Queen of Spain

the waist. The straw mushrooms are decidedly caplike affairs that look somewhat like the big fur turbans, yet some of the leading milliners assure me that they are not turbans at all but hats, and that the turban will be little, if any, worn by fashionable women. Very little of the front hair shows under these hats, which come well down to the ears.

Hair dressing has got to be modified to meet the requirements of these new hats. They toll the death knell of the pompadour held out by artificial means. The latest word from Paris is that the hair must be parted at the left side or in the center, and then slightly fluffed out over the ears, and the mass of hair arranged at the back of the head. This may be a simple knot, or a complicated arrangement of puffs, curls and braids, according to the taste of the individual.

Mme. Megard, at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, wears something entirely new in the way of hair ornaments that goes beautifully with this style of coiffure. It is called the Ceres headdress, and is composed of two twists of gold gauze, which pass over the top of the head in Greek fillet style, while beneath the heavy knot of hair, and coming well up at the sides, are large heads of gold wheat.

Pompon curls are one of the most popular modes of the season, particularly for evening coiffures. These may be arranged either high or low, and when fixed low accentuate the grace and poise of the head and shoulders. Among the illustrations will be found two other evening coiffures. One shows the use of the Directoire braid, which is the direct outcome of the revival of the styles of that period. It is made with a four-strand braid, having at each end four large, loose puffs and three curls. The arrangement is very easy, the braid being stood on edge, the ends then carried to the back and pinned in place.

The extreme mode is shown in the Adeline coif, which must be arranged by an expert to produce the exact proportions. The ornament is a two-strand pearl fillet, which terminates at either end in pearl disks.

For those who use a great quantity of hair at the back there are hats with the brim cut away at that point. These are modernized pokes, which are strikingly novel and pleasing. One of those I chanced to see had been ordered by no less a personage than Mrs. Taft. It was of rather rough pink straw trimmed with pink roses and ribbon streamers. Another of Mrs. Taft's hats is a taupe mushroom, also in rough straw, with a twist of dull green velvet ribbon and a paradise aigrette in several tones of deep purple.

Velvet ribbon is seen on all the smartest of the new hats, and the flowers are the loveliest colors imaginable, some in the hues of Nature, and others in the dull odd shades that harmonize so exquisitely with the colors of the new gowns. Every possible flower has been requisitioned for the adornment of the new hats. Even fruits are being used, monstrous cherries, small pears, mandarins and apples. But just a stage whisper about fruits, they promise to be too popular to be fashionable.

The large hats, and some of them are larger than ever, are trimmed with flowers or feathers. They are all of the picture variety, with beautifully curved brims, and while they are generally of the Louis XVI type, there are innumerable shapes. Large

Miss George's white cloth costume with embroidered bolero and white net guimpe and sleeves covered with soutache braid. Photos specially taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Sarony, Fifth Avenue

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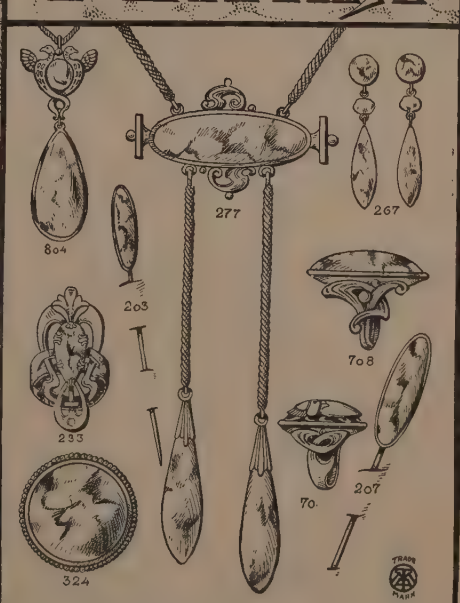

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ostrich plumes and birds of paradise are employed for the ornamentation, sometimes it may be a single plume, again there will be five or six on a hat. The plumes are mostly of the willow style, though more curled ostrich are seen than in some time.

Among the smooth straws that are used are Milan, Neapolitan, Leghorn and hemp, while the rougher straws are glossy Japanese braids, Ramie and Lear. The latter is the latest cry of fashion that is certain not to become common for this season at least.

Just now the white glacé kid glove is the favorite for both street and evening use. It is a style which never goes out of fashion for long, for there is nothing more attractive than a fresh white glove, and as glacé kid cleans so wonderfully well the white glove fad is by no means the extravagance it might at first seem to be. Indications point to a return of the shorter sleeve for midsummer wear. Already there are a number of separate blouses being shown with three-quarter sleeve, with which a long glove becomes a necessity. To provide for this want there has been gotten out a new idea in silk gloves with embroidered arms, while the hand portion has the reinforced fingertips. In the Niagara silk glove, these two parts are joined by a narrow hemstitching, so that when the fingertips finally wear out—as they will in all silk gloves—a new pair of hands may be joined to the original wrists.

The woman who drives her own motor prefers a gauntlet glove, so as to prevent the dust from being blown up her sleeves. Many women also use the gauntlet glove in heavy tan leather for driving,

Gown of old gold crêpe meteor, ornamented with embroideries of antique design in gold, cabochons and colored stones. Made by Redfern of Paris

Gown of black cachemir de soie, trimmed with the fashionable jet bugles and cabochons. Made by La Maison Zimmermann. Hat of black crin with ostrich plumes. Made by Eliane of Paris

but for that purpose and for riding the heavy white glove, which fastens at the wrist by means of a strap and buckle, is by all odds the smartest.

That long gloves are necessary for the evening toilette is shown by the illustrations of evening costumes from the celebrated Paris establishments of Redfern and Badin. The latter, who has just opened some beautiful salons in the Place Vendôme, is little known to Americans, though a great favorite with the French, English and Russian aristocracy, and is now ranked with the leading dressmakers of the French capital. The Badin evening costume shows the short sleeve made in one with the fichu drapery of the bodice. The gown is of blue net over satin of the same shade, and ornamented with the new bugle beads in several tones of blue. The low-cut corsage is filled in with silver lace, while across the front is draped a mauve satin ribbon. Also attention must be called to the pretty sash drapery of tulle outlined with the silver lace.

Redfern, who is so well known as the creator of styles for the individual, and for such stage celebrities as Andrée Mégard, Mary Garden and Jane Hading, sends us this month an evening gown of old gold crêpe meteor ornamented with antique embroideries in old gold, cabochons and colored stones. One notices here the return to the normal waistline with the full corsage drapery yet the narrow, clinging skirt.

What every woman now knows is that Maude Adams has again

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set the style in low collars. The shops are fairly bristling with Irish lace, lingerie and embroidered linen collars of exactly the same shape as that worn by Miss Adams in the first act. One hears of nothing but the collarless bodice and the Dutch collar in the shops. Perhaps it is getting to be too popular to be fashionable, such things do happen, and when one finds the flat collar produced in lawn with imitation Valenciennes lace trimmings, and marked fifty cents, the end seems not far off for that style, as far as smart women are concerned.

Hat of black Neapolitan trimmed with bird of paradise, big sunbursts of jet and black velvet ribbon. Made by Eliane of Paris

The new parasols are too stunning for words. Even the most expensive of them are not the useless fol-de-rols of chiffon and other airy fabrics that are no protection at all against the sun. The new parasols are actually sunshades. One of the latest importations is the raffia parasol, which set all Paris agog last summer. Raffia is a dried grass from Madagascar that is woven into several different designs, and then made into parasols, belts and bags. The color is a deep écru, which lends itself well to decoration by other colors, as in the case of the belts, which are sometimes ornamented with coral and turquoise cabochons. The only trimming of the parasols is a deep fringe of the raffia, though others are finished with a narrow hem. Some are lined with green silk, and a hem of the silk turned up on the right side. The handles are highly polished natural birch, which tones in admirably with the raffia hue.

Even our gloves embroidered now

The long Empire handle is seen on many parasols, and while this may be the extreme of utility a moderately long handle is essential both for comfort and style this season, as the high-crowned hat makes a long handle absolutely necessary. Beaded handles are shown on parasols of light colors. As, for instance, one of the new coral pink parasols has a handle made of small pink beads set at intervals with a larger clear glass bead or stone.

Cat, crane and duck heads, clusters of marguerites, and plain silver tops are the ornaments used on some handles, while others are of highly polished rare woods, or of wood enameled to match the color of the silk. Aside from all these expensive novelties, there are some fetching styles at very moderate prices. These come in both plain and fancy silks, in figured silk mull and linen. One of the prettiest ideas in the latter material is where a single panel is embroidered in a wreath with the center portion left vacant for the owner's initial.

The parasol is one of the most effective weapons in the entire arsenal of coquettish dress accessories, but it is the exceptional woman who knows how to use it with the deadliest aim. What the hat is to the Spanish senorita the parasol becomes in the hands of a clever woman. Some women carry it as though it were a pistol and might go off, others grab and swing it as they would a tennis racket or golf stick. Yet what a picture any woman could make of herself if she only gave a little thought to the decorative possibilities of the parasol.

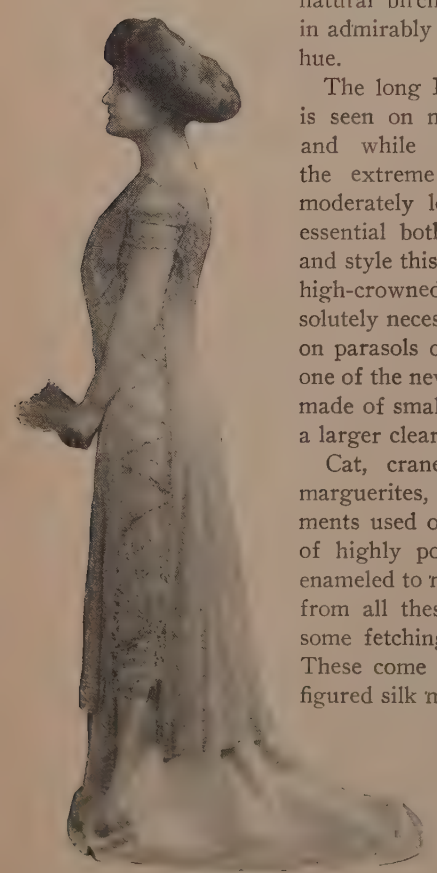
The low shoe is to be the shoe of the season, and this is to be either a one-eyelet tie or a pump. Leather-covered buckles are a feature of some of the smartest low shoes, though there are others ornamented with gilt buckles or the regulation ribbon bow.

The great feature of the new styles in ties and pumps is that they are so made that they will not slip at the heels. While many shoemakers make their low shoes upon a high-shoe last, the makers of the Walk-Over shoes make them on a special last, which makes them much more stylish than the usual low shoe. A friend drew me into one of their shops last week, and I was more than delighted with the fit of both the high and low shoes. They arch so nicely under the instep, and are so well cut and proportioned that my foot looked actually two sizes smaller than it does in other shoes. This is certainly a great advantage now that everyone is wearing short skirts for the street, and an equal advantage where the long skirt has so frequently to be lifted, as is the case with carriage and evening costumes.

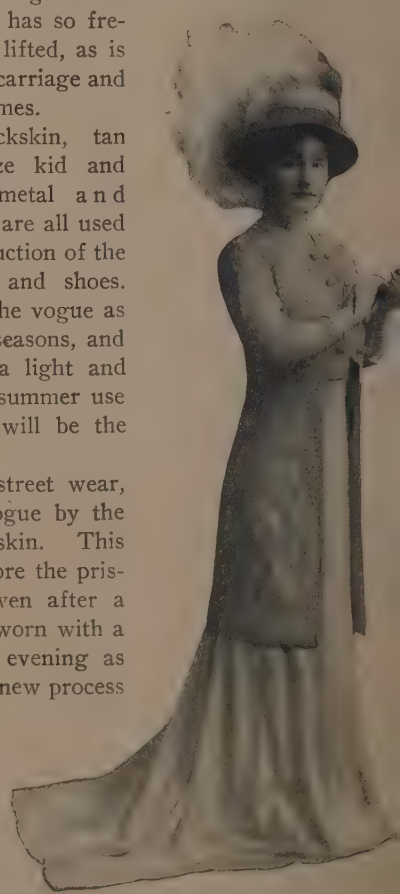
Suède, buckskin, tan Russia, bronze kid and calfskin, gunmetal and patent leather are all used for the construction of the spring boots and shoes. Colors are to be quite as much the vogue as they have been in the past few seasons, and these will be principally gray, a light and dark tan, and bronze, while for summer use the white canvas and buck tie will be the general favorite.

Bronze is an innovation for street wear, which has been brought into vogue by the new way of dyeing the calfskin. This method makes it possible to restore the pristine freshness of the leather even after a wetting. A bronze shoe can be worn with a costume of any color, and for evening as well as street wear, so that if the new process of dyeing proves all that is claimed for it, we may eventually see it replacing the long-popular tan shoe as a general favorite. Certainly the new bronze boots and ties, whether of kid or calfskin, are most attractive in their cut, finish and trimmings.

For suède and buckskin shoes there is a



The new idea in bugle embroidered net tunics with side lacings. Worn by Grace George



The smart, much worn Leghorn hat and lace coat worn by Grace George

new dressing which does away with the possibility of soiling the skirts, as was too often the case with the original dressing. This is a liquid which is applied to the leather, and then the nap of the leather only needs to be brought up by means of a rotary motion given to a stiff brush. Bronze

A girlish evening coiffure arranged with pompon curls and ornamented with a ribbon fillet. By E. Burnham of Chicago

leather can also be easily renovated by the wearer, and we all know how easy it is to freshen the white canvas tie.

Stockings will be of the color of the shoe, or of a color to match the costume. The gauze lisle will be the great favorite, and there are many patterns in open-work or lace lisles that are extremely attractive. Plain silk hose will be the heighth of elegance. The newest shades in dress fabrics have been admirably matched up in the

The Adeline coif, an ultra style in Greek dressing, made with many puffs and a bébé fringe bang

spring hosiery; these include bronze, several shades of tan and champagne, gray, wistaria, catawba, reseda green, and other shades too numerous to mention.

Gauze lisle stockings are now made with a double top, so that they will not so quickly wear out from the strain of the hose supporter. And I must not forget to mention that children's socks are now made with wristlet tops, so that they cling to the leg, and do not flop over in the untidy manner that was so distressing. These come in plain colors as well as with large check tops in two colors.

Redfern Whalebone Corsets

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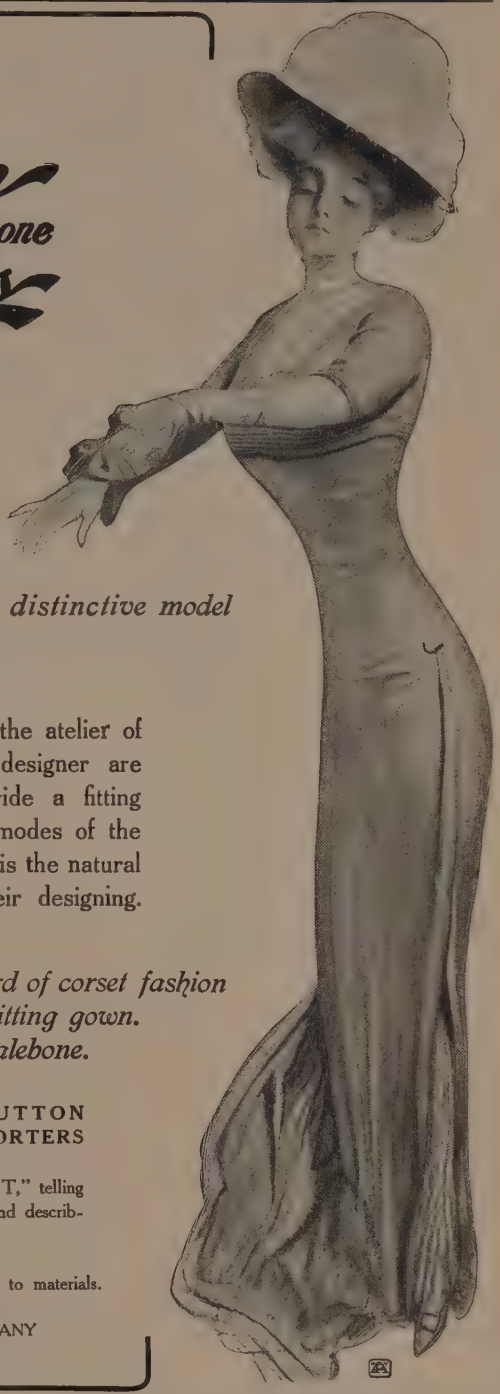

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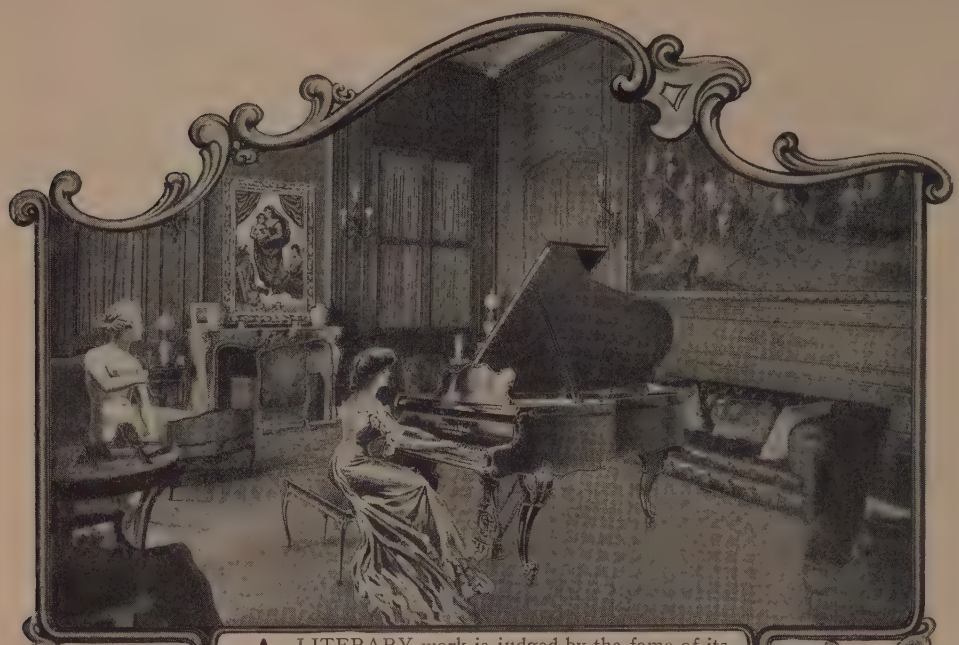

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The new jeweled hair ornaments are just the thing that are required for women who dress their hair in the modish way. There are wide barrettes to pin beneath the psyche knot. These come in jet and tortoise shell for street wear, and in jeweled effects for evening use. The Lombard psyche pin is a revival of an antique style that is sure to find favor with those who appreciate a fashionable and effective ornament. The pin itself is enclosed in a small tortoise-shell cylinder. This is about three inches long, and the ends are ornamented with big balls of tortoise shell, jet, or baroque pearls.

Big ball and loop pins will be much worn. Four or five of these are stuck into the psyche knot or chignon, for, according to the leading hair dressers, we are fast returning to the waterfall of the early seven-

Headdress of Directoire braid, puffs and curls, and held in place by a filigree barrette studded with cabochons and sapphires

ties, though the chignon of 1909 is mostly made of soft puffs and curls. These ball pins are made of jet, tortoise shell and baroque pearls.

The Marie Antoinette bandeau of jet or jewels is intended to be worn in the evening, and with the parted coiffure. It is a flat band with pointed front, which rests on the parting, and the ends concealed beneath the puffs at the back of the head. A wider jet bandeau is so made that it can be worn either in front or beneath the psyche knot, thus making it available for street and evening purposes.

The amethyst is to be the stone of the season, and to be really fashionable it must be set in a French gray silver setting. This is shown in bandeaux, barrettes, sash pins, brooches, and necklaces, and the designs are most artistic, being copies of antique pieces shown in the old-world museums. The stones are facetted, thus giving a greater brilliancy that does the cabochon cut. Some of the necklaces are finished with long pendants of amethyst that look like colored icicles. Amethyst jewelry in the French gray setting goes admirably with the fashionable soft gray fabrics. It is less extreme and showy than some of the modern jewelry, and with its air of old-time genuineness and craftmanship makes a strong appeal to the woman of refined and artistic tastes.

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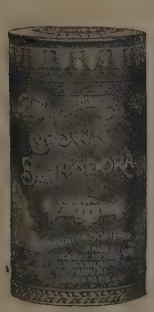

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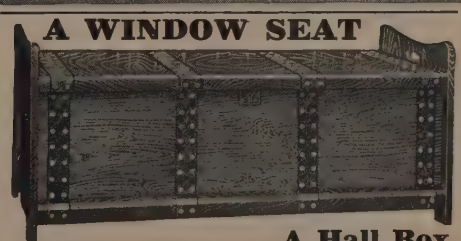

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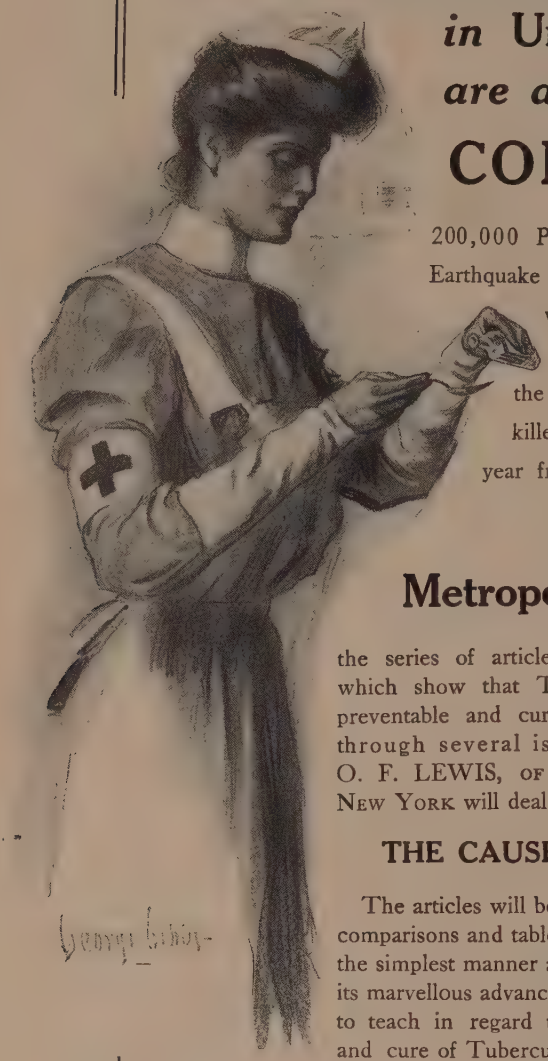

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

O. A. C., Ravenna, O.—Q.—What is the plot of "Madame Butterfly"? A.—The young American naval officer, Lieut. Pinkerton, while stationed in Japan, marries the little Japanese girl from whom the opera takes its name, his understanding of the marriage being that it is but a temporary affair, dissoluble when he shall leave the country, as it may be according to the laws of Japan. Not so the little bride, and when he leaves, she believes his promise to return "when the robins nest again." For three years she waits, and at last his ship is seen coming into the harbor. But with him comes an American wife, and when she learns the truth, little Madame Butterfly leaves her child to the father, and just before he calls to try to arrange provision for her future she commits suicide with her father's sword. Q.—Is it considered comic opera, grand opera, tragedy? A.—Grand opera, and decidedly tragic. Q.—Has Patti retired? A.—Yes, save for occasional appearances for charity.

K. P. F., Los Angeles, Cal.—Q.—Can you give the real names of the following: Ada Rehan? A.—Ada Crehan. Q.—Mary Anderson? A.—Mrs. De Navarro. Q.—Eleanora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt? A.—The same.

H. B.—Q.—Is Maude Adams going to play in her repertoire this year or next? A.—For the present season, save for the performance of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" at Harvard, Miss Adams will play only the Barrie piece, "What Every Woman Knows." Q.—In what number is your latest interview with Eleanor Robson? A.—July, 1905.

V. K., Fremont, O.—Q.—What is Doris Keene's real name? A.—The same. Q.—What is her nationality? A.—American, she was born in New York City.

E. I., Decatur, Ill.—Q.—In what is Frank Campeau now playing? A.—"The Virginian."

L. J. T., St. Louis, Mo.—Either send your vaudeville sketch directly to some vaudeville artist to whom you believe it suited, or to one of the play and sketch brokers, for whose addresses consult advertising columns.

A Reader, Philadelphia.—Q.—In what is Mrs. Fiske O'Hara now appearing? A.—We have never understood that Mrs. O'Hara is a professional woman. Q.—In what is Brandon Tynan? A.—With Mme. Nazimova.

B. H. D., Erie, Pa.—Q.—Can you tell me if anything definite has been done about the grand opera by Herbert which Oscar Hammerstein was to produce this year? A.—There was much difficulty in securing a suitable libretto. At last reports, Mr. Herbert had finally found one to his liking, and was busy on the music. There is no probability, however, that it will be ready for production this season. Q.—Will you at any time publish an interview or short sketch of Victor Herbert? A.—He was born in Ireland, but spent most of his youth in Germany, where he began his musical career as 'cellist. There he married his wife, a well-known opera singer, Fräulein Foerster. He was first 'cellist with the Seidl orchestra, and assistant conductor as well, and also with the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra when Seidl directed there. He left the orchestra to become director of Gilmore's band, soon after the death of that famous leader. Shortly before this, his first comic opera—he had already written numerous classical songs, and a 'cello concerto which was warmly praised, as well as shorter orchestral pieces—was produced by "The Bostonians" under the title "Prince Ananias." Other comic operas followed in rapid succession, among them "The Wizard of the Nile," in which Frank Daniels starred, "The Fortune Teller," "The Serenade," etc. He gave up the band to become director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, where he remained until a few years ago, then coming to New York. He still directs an orchestra for a short season each year, and is kept busy writing operas. "The Red Mill," "Babes in Toyland," "Mlle. Modiste," "The Prima Donna" and "Little Nemo" are recent successes. The Herberts have two children, both grown. Q.—Is Pittsburgh to have a week of grand opera this year? A.—Three days in April.

H. L. H.—Q.—In what number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE did pictures of "Classmates" appear? A.—October, 1907. Q.—In what is Amber Lawlord playing? A.—At last reports Miss Lawlord was in California, about to marry a wealthy man, and retire from the stage.

Constant Reader, St. Paul, Minn.—Q.—Please give sketch of Geo. M. Cohan's life. A.—He made his first appearance on the stage at the age of eight, in Haverhill, N. Y., but his professional début two years later. He was a boy violinist. His first actual part was the Boy in "Peck's Bad Boy." He began writing music and sketches at the age of fifteen, and his first published song, "I Guess I'd Better Telegraph My Baby," is still sold. Has written some 125 sketches, in many of which he appeared; fifteen plays, six of which are now being given; 900 songs; has just finished a play for his sister, "A Xmas Doll," in which she will star next season, and is busy on one for Raymond Hitchcock, in which he will star this spring. Mr. Cohan is at present appearing in "The Yankee Prince." At the close of the season he will make a tour of the world. He will be 31 on next 4th of July.

T. H.—Q.—Please give sketch of the life of Wilmer Walter, who played Messala in "Ben Hur" last year. A.—We are unable to comply with your request, as repeated inquiries have failed to disclose his present whereabouts.

A Subscriber; W. B., La Porte, Ind.; W. C. B., Darby, Pa.; G. B. J., Dayton, O., and H. A. B., Williamston, N. C.—To get a position on the stage, whether in dramatic work or musical comedy and comic opera, if unable to go to a dramatic school, seek out the agents, of whom there are numbers in New York, Chicago or other large cities, these two mentioned being the best. Try to impress them with your ability and especially appearance, and you may get a position to walk on, or in the chorus. Or try to see the managers themselves, which is more difficult, and not often successful, unless one is strikingly good-looking or shows unusual talent. Or try to see one of the actor managers when he is forming a company. In any case be humble, and do not expect to begin at the top. Persistence is what counts most in getting a first engagement. The second one, if you make good, will not be so difficult. The theatrical profession is, however, overcrowded, and numbers of good actors are frequently without employment, consequently it will be seen that it is not an easy life and is full of discouragements for the novice.

E. G., Phoenix, Arizona.—Q.—Who was the female star in Alfred Aaron's production of "Yama"? A.—To the best of our knowledge, Miss Margaret Mather.

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A. W.—Q.—Please give short sketch of the life of Thurston Hall, who played the title rôle in "Ben Hur" last year. A.—Previous to his "Ben Hur" engagement, he played with stock companies. He is now a member of Miss Lillian Russell's "Wildfire" company, touring.

N. A. H., Springfield, Mass.—Q.—Was J. B. Barnaby or Barnabee ever a member of "The Bostonians," singing in "Robin Hood"? Q.—Was he related to Henry Clay Barnabee? A.—We have never heard of him. Have you not confused him with Henry Clay Barnabee?

R. J.—Q.—Is the A. G. Andrews who appeared with Otis Skinner at the Hudson Theatre in "The Honor of the Family" the same Andrews who appeared with Richard Mansfield for so many years? A.—He is. A brief sketch of him will be published in these columns later.

Anxious.—Q.—Please give cast of this season's "Ben Hur" company. A.—Ben Hur, Conway Tearle; Messala, Mitchell Harris; Simonides, Anthony Andre; Sheik Ilderim, Wm. Leyden; Arrias, J. M. Troughton; Iris, Florence St. Leonard; Esther, Alice Haines; Mother of Ben Hur, Loyola O'Connor; Tirzah, Zaidee Appleton, are the chief members.

Robertson.—Q.—Was "The Man of the Hour" adapted in any way from Octave Thanet's book of that name? A.—No, it is an original play by George Broadhurst.

E. M. P., of Fresno, Cal., would like information as to the whereabouts of the American actress, Eleanor Calhoun, who has been playing for several years in England.

E. E. G.—Q.—What entitles an actor to be called great? Must he have versatility? Can an actor of only one line of work be called so even if he act those better than any other living man? The great actors are practically all dead. Salvini, Duse, Bernhardt are about the only great players left. Versatility is undoubtedly an attribute of greatness, but on the other hand it does not imply greatness. Mentality alone enables a player to attain greatness.

C. L. W.—No addresses given. If one distinguishes himself at a dramatic school, and appears at public performances given by that school, he is quite apt to secure a good engagement. A number of actors now before the public have begun in this way, and each year a number of dramatic students are engaged by managers.

W. T. W., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.—For plays adapted for college class work write to Samuel French, 22 West Twenty-second St., this city, for a catalogue.

A. W., Des Moines, Iowa.—It is impossible to give private addresses. For dramatic schools consult our advertising columns. There are few, if any, such institutions where the training is given free.

H. L.—The pronunciation of Mme. Nazimova's name is Na-zee-mo-va, with the accent on the second syllable.

H. G. R., Pasadena, Cal.—Consult your own bookseller for the information you require. To the best of our knowledge, however, none of the three plays you mention has been novelized.

B. M. W.—Q.—Is Eddie Foy to play "Hamlet"? A.—"Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," the piece in which he is now appearing, and which shows him enacting the Shakespearian rôle at an amateur performance in one act, is as near that rôle as he is likely to come. Q.—Please print the cast of "Carmen" as played by Miss Nethersole in Paris? A.—It is impossible to comply with your request. Write to Miss Nethersole or her manager.

An Interested One, Evansville, Ind.—Q.—Of what nationality is George M. Cohan? A.—American. For the songs you mention, write to any of the large music houses.

H. V. S., Cleveland, O.—Q.—Please give list of some of the best sketch writers. A.—Wm. Cressy and Gus Edwards are probably the best.

Audrey, Stamford, Conn.—Q.—Please give name of any book that tells how to make up? A.—James Young's "The Art of Make-Up," published by Witmark, is one. There are also others. Write to Messrs. French & Sons for catalogue.

A. R., Winnipeg.—This magazine answers questions only relating to matters connected with the stage. Q.—Please give a brief sketch of Alla Nazimova. A.—She was born in Russia, and made her début as an actress in that country in Ibsen's "Little Eyolf." Afterwards she traveled with a minor company. She came to America with the Russian company headed by Paul Orlonoff, which gave performances in a lower East Side Theatre. Becoming embarrassed financially attention was called to the stranded company and a series of matinées were given at the Herald Square Theatre, where the attention of the critics was attracted to Mme. Nazimova's talent. She returned to Russia for an important engagement at the Moscow Theatre, but it was during the time of the bomb-throwing episode, and she gave up her contract. She played in London with great success, returning to this country, where she signed a contract with Henry Miller to appear in English. She learned that language sufficiently to play in it during the months between May and September of the same year. She has played in English the leading rôles in "Hedda Gabler," "The Doll's House," "The Master Builder," "Countess Coquette," "The Comet," etc., etc.

P. Mc., Marblehead, Mass.—To secure copyright for a play, it is necessary to send two copies of the title and one dollar to the Librarian of Congress. It is not necessary to send the entire play. It is well to copyright a play before submitting it.

E. M. Wingerath.—Q.—Was there a play last season called "The great Mogul"? A.—Frank Moulan appeared the season of 1907-08 in a piece by Pixley & Luders entitled "The Grand Mogul."

S. L. L., Jr., Columbia—Q.—Where, and in what, did Marie Cahill make her début on the stage? A.—In Brooklyn in "Kathleen Mavourneen" as a member of Harley Merry's Stock Company. Q.—In what plays has she starred? A.—In "Nancy Brown," "Molly Moonshine," "Marrying Mary" and "The Boys and Betty." Q.—Have you published pictures of her? A.—Yes, in December, 1908, in May, 1904, and April, 1903. Q.—In what is Florence Davis playing? A.—She is touring the South in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Q.—Can you tell me something of her life? A.—She was a grand-niece of Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, and before going on the stage a Kentucky society girl.

Syracuse Subscriber.—Q.—Did Ethel Jackson ever appear in "Miss Bob White"? A.—Yes, she created the leading rôle in that play. Q.—Have you a catalogue of the photographs you have for sale? A.—We have discontinued the sale of photographs.

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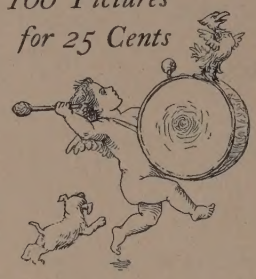

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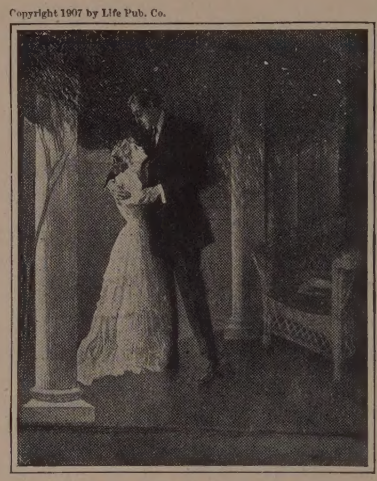

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

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I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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A Subscriber, New York.—Q.—Where was Eleanor Robson born? A.—In Wigan, Lancashire, England. Q.—In what play will she be seen in this city? A.—She is appearing in "The Dawn of a To-morrow" at the Lyceum Theatre.

E. A. Lehnert.—Q.—In what will Mrs. Leslie Carter appear in New York? A.—She is at present playing in "Kassa" at the Liberty Theatre, this city.

H. T. H., Worcester.—Q.—Where is Herman Lieb playing? A.—We do not know.

Harry T. Graf.—Q.—In what has Harry Davenport been playing since his appearance in "It Happened in Nordland"? A.—He has been appearing in vaudeville with Phyllis Rankin, except for a short engagement in "Fascinating Flora" in 1907.

J. H. V.—Q.—Has Elsie Janis' portrait appeared on the cover of THE THEATRE? A.—No. Q.—Will she play in Philadelphia this season? A.—It is most likely. Q.—What part did Trixie Friganza play in "The Orchid"? A.—Caroline Vokins.

A. Gilpin, Jr., Phila.—Q.—Can you tell me something of the career of Donald Brian? A.—He made his stage début in 1897, and his first appearance on Broadway at the New York Theatre Winter Roof Garden. After a season on the road in "Florodora," a season in "The Silver Slipper," and an appearance in the title rôle of "Myles Aroon," he created rôles in three of Geo. M. Cohan's productions, gaining much success. His next hit was as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow." Q.—Have you published pictures of Mr. Brian or "The Merry Widow"? A.—A colored portrait of Donald Brian appeared on the cover of our February, 1908, number, and scenes from "The Merry Widow" in September, November and December, 1907.

L. M.—Q.—In what number did you publish scenes of "The Girl of the Golden West"? A.—In January, 1906.

Canton, Miss.—Q.—Have you published pictures of Mary Mannering and Frank Gilmore in "Glorious Betsy"? A.—Yes, scenes from "Glorious Betsy," but not with Frank Gilmore. In October, 1908, we published a scene in which were Mary Mannering and George W. Howard, and in June, 1907, a scene with Miss Mannering and Robert Warwick.

V. V. D.—Q.—Have you published anything about Aphie James, Louis James' leading woman? A.—Her portrait appeared in our September, 1907, number. Q.—Have you published anything about Charles Millward? A.—A portrait in July, 1908. Q.—Is the experience obtained in dramatic schools of much use on the professional stage? A.—It is most valuable.

M. I. R., Chicago.—Q.—In what issue did a scene from "Salomy Jane" with H. B. Warner and Eleanor Robson appear? A.—Scenes from "Salomy Jane" appeared in our March, 1907, issue, but H. B. Warner is not in the pictures.

Joseph A. W., St. Paul—Q.—When was "The Yeoman of the Guard," by Gilbert and Sullivan, first produced in America? A.—On October 17, 1888. Q.—Who was in the cast, and what parts did they play? A.—Following is the cast of the first performance in this country: Sir Richard Cholmondeley, Geo. Broderick; Leonard Meryll, Chas. Renwick; Wilfred Shadbolt, Fred Solomon; Elsie Maynard, Bertha Ricci; Phoebe Meryll, Sylvia Gerrish; Dame Carruthers, Isabelle Urquhart; Sergeant Meryll, Geo. Olmi; Colonel Fairfax, H. Hallam; Jack Point, J. H. Ryley; Kate, Kate Uart.

J. R. N., Montclair, N. J.—Q.—Where may I purchase the biography of Maude Adams to which you refer? A.—From Meyer Brothers, 26 West 33d St., New York. Q.—In what is Maude Adams now playing? A.—In "What Every Woman Knows."

Hope Cortright.—Q.—Where can I get pictures of May Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"? A.—The THEATRE MAGAZINE published in the January, 1908, number a scene from the play you name. Q.—Have you interviewed either Jack Storey, Paul Decker or Walter Paulter? A.—No, we have not. Q.—Have you published pictures of Eugene O'Brien in "The Thief"? A.—No.

Frances McLellan—Q.—Have you published scenes from "The Chorus Lady"? A.—Yes, in October, 1906. Q.—Where can pictures of Miss Stahl be purchased, and where can I get a short sketch of her life? A.—Our January, 1907, number contains a biographical sketch of Miss Stahl illustrated with many portraits.

Cleveland, Ohio.—Q.—Will Laura Nelson Hall soon play in Cleveland? A.—We hardly think so. Miss Hall is appearing in "The Easiest Way" at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York.

Subscriber, Roxborough.—It is against our rule to give private addresses.

L. L. Earle, Ala.—Q.—In what number appeared a criticism of "The Great Divide," also what is the price of the number? A.—November, 1906, price 40 cents. Q.—I should like some account of the author of "The Great Divide." A.—William Vaughn Moody was born at Spencer, Ind. He is a graduate of Harvard and a professor of English literature at the University of Chicago. In addition to "The Great Divide," Mr. Moody is the author of a play entitled, "The Faith Healer" and a book of poems.

"A Constant Reader," Ala.—Q.—Can you tell me where Edmund Breese is now playing, and in what? A.—In New York in "The Third Degree."

E. F., New Orleans—Q.—In what is DeWolf Hopper playing this season? A.—"The Pied Piper."

D. M., Lima—Q.—Do you intend publishing an article about the Ben Greet Players? A.—In our December, 1908, number appears an article entitled "Pastoral Players," which is devoted to Ben Greet and his open-air performances.

Frank R. Smith, Quebec—Q.—Where may I procure a copy of "At the Telephone"? A.—The piece you refer to is the property of Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre Building, New York.

Leilah, M. P., New York—Q.—Where is it possible to get a criticism or synopsis of "Her Sister," played by Ethel Barrymore? A.—The THEATRE MAGAZINE published a review of "Her Sister" in February, 1908.

A Reader—Q.—What are the prices of your November and December, 1904, numbers? A.—One dollar per copy.

B. Millar, New York.—Q.—Is not Mlle. Adeline Genée of Danish birth? A.—Yes, she was born in Aarhus, Yutland, Denmark.

H. T. C., Chester, N. J.—Q.—I should like to know the original cast of "The Man of the Hour" as played in New York. A.—Following: Alwyn Bennett, Frederick Perry; Charles Wainwright, James E. Wilson; Scott R. Gibbs, John Flood; Richard Harrigan, Frank MacVicars; James Phelan, George Fawcett; Perry Carter Wainwright, Douglas Fairbanks; Judge Newman, Charles Stedman; Henry Thompson, Geoffrey C. Stein; Dallas Wainwright, Lillian Kemble, Cynthia Garrison, Diva Marolda; Mrs. Bennett, Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh. Q.—Did you interview Blanche Bates? A.—Yes, in May, 1903. Q.—Is it possible to get some good scenes from "The Girl of the Golden West? A.—We published several in the January and November, 1906, numbers.

I. V. M.—Q.—Where was Dustin Farnum born? A.—In Boston, Mass.

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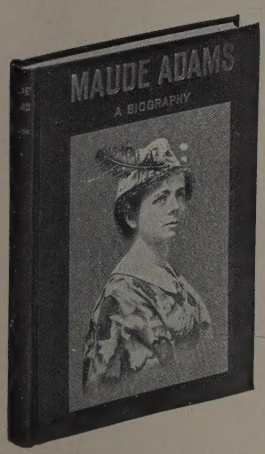

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The Biography of Maude Adams

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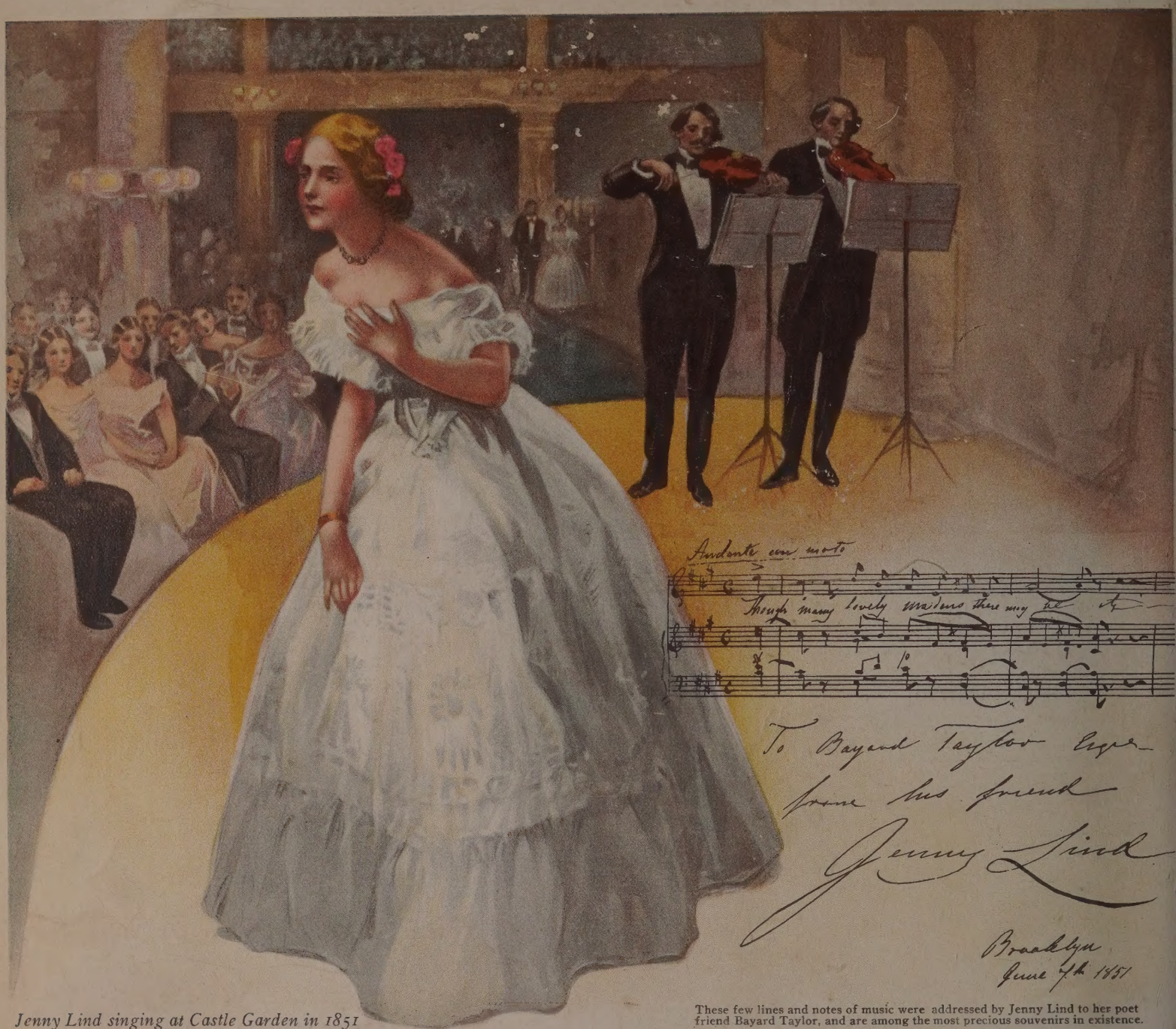
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